

Sports Illustrated

JULY 23, 1963 25 CENTS

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Next week

THE U.S. AND RUSSIAN track teams come together in Palo Alto, Tex. Music reports on this meeting, in which each side is loaded with a full battery of world record holders.

THE FIRST ROUND of trials over, Carleton Mitchell evaluates the four U.S. 12-meter boats as competition for the honor of defending the America's Cup against Australia.

A CHERRY, BEERY train ride takes a bunch of the boys from Devin Lake, N. Dak. to see their new heroes, the Minnesota Twins, play the Yankees. Gerald Holland goes along.

WILSON..THE



THE PGA—5 Times

Sam Snead won the PGA Championship in 1931, 1949 and 1952. Sam uses Wilson Staff woods with Strata-Bloc construction to slam the long drives which have helped make him famous.



Other Wilson winners in '52, '37 and '36.



THE PGA—5 Times

Arnold Palmer won the Masters in 1952, 1960 and 1958. Palmer is another long ball hitter who uses Wilson Staff woods with exclusive Strata-Bloc construction for powerful drives.



Other Wilson winner in '39



THE LADIES' PGA—4 Times

Mickey Wright has won the Ladies' PGA three times since it originated in 1955. Her victories in 1961, 1960 and 1958 were made with Wilson Staff clubs and the Wilson Staff ball.

'59
G. Rawls



No wonder Wilson named its professional-shop golf clubs and ball after this tournament-winning staff

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Mickey Wright play every round with Wilson Staff equipment. So do Billy Casper, Cary Middlecoff, Billy Maxwell, "Dutch" Harrison, Julius Boros and Betsy Rawls. So do up-and-coming young stars like Dave Marr, Mason Rudolph, and Rex Baxter, Jr.

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BIG WINNER!

THE U.S. OPEN—40 Times



Billy Casper, one of the men's top money winners, led a 282 to win the U.S. Open in 1959. Billy plays a Wilson Staff ball because it's long off the tee, true on the greens.

'69 Palmer '56 '48 Middlecoff '32 Foran '37 '77 Sarazen



Other Wilson winners in '38, '37 and '36.

THE WESTERN OPEN—13 Times



Harry Middlecoff shot a brilliant 272 to win the Western Open in 1955. The crisp, true iron shots that are his trademark are made with Wilson Staff irons with exclusive Dynapower design.

'51 Palmer '51 Harrison '50 '49 S. Sead '38 Sarazen



Other Wilson winners in '58, '52, '48, '38, '37, '36 and '35.

THE TITLEHOLDERS—12 Times



Patty Berg has won the Titleholders tournament at Augusta, Ga., seven times. Wilson Staff irons with exclusive Dynapower design help Patty make long accurate shots to the green.

'62 '61 M. Wright



Other Wilson winners in '52, '50 and '46.

THE WOMEN'S OPEN—11 Times



Betsy Rawls won the Women's National Open four times—in 1950, 1951, 1953 and 1951. Betsy has won more than 40 golf tournaments using Wilson golf equipment exclusively.

'61 '58 '56 M. Wright



'45 P. Berg

Other Wilson winners in '54, '50 and '46.

FLASH!

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SCORECARD

JERRY LUCAS DECIDES

Jerry Lucas, that invaluable basketball property from Ohio State, is announcing this week that he will move with the Cleveland Pipers as they shift from the fast-expiring American Basketball League to the National Basketball Association. Lucas' decision to play in the NBA comes at the end of a long season of inter-league bluffing, protesting, claiming and counterclaiming as intricate as the raising of a Bollie Sol Estes cotton crop.

The move to get Cleveland into the old league began eight weeks ago, just after George Steinbrenner III jolted the NBA by signing Lucas to play for his ABL Pipers. Behind a facade of indifference, the NBA was hurting from the loss. The league's television ratings were said to have dropped off (the NBA wasn't talking), and television makes the difference between survival and the hock shop in the NBA. The league needed a new star to increase TV interest. To come right out with it, the NBA wanted a new white star.

Steinbrenner, meanwhile, was itching to pull his suddenly strong team out of the floundering ABL and have it become the 10th team in the NBA. Unofficial negotiations began. Cincinnati, of course, didn't want Cleveland in, because it would then be facing the very player it had drafted but lost—and lost bitterly. Two other teams sided with Cincinnati.

But after some stormy private talk among themselves, the NBA owners told Steinbrenner the Pipers could get into the NBA for \$450,000 "Nuts," said Steinbrenner. More private sessions. "Make it \$350,000," said the NBA. "Aw, fellows," said George. Still more private sessions, and finally the terms that Cleveland accepted: a \$250,000 payment, of which \$100,000 would go to Cincinnati to make the Royals feel better about Lucas.

However, Steinbrenner had been selling a team that included Lucas—and he knew very well he didn't really have Lucas to sell. Lucas' contract didn't bind him to play in the NBA, and as late as last Saturday he wasn't sure he would agree.

"It was settled over the weekend," said Lucas. "George offered me a contract that was better in all respects. I will sign for two years and have agreed to play a full season. And I'll admit I'm excited now about being in the best league there is." It was an awfully involved way to get a reluctant Lucas into the NBA, but the result leaves basketball followers sharing Lucas' excitement.

THE DECENCY OF SHARKS

The principle of giving the quarry a sporting chance is well established among human pursuers of fish and game. But is it possible that the quarry, turned pursuer, would do the same for humans? We quote from the *New York Herald Tribune*: "Sharks have been sighted off Barnegat Light, signaling a warning to swimmers along the New Jersey coast again."

THE DILEMMA OF STURGEON

A young Russian ichthyologist, Vladimir Protasov of the Institute of Animal Morphology, has been making tape recordings of the sounds fishes make. Protasov says herring sound like sparrows chirping, sprats sound like bumblebees buzzing, but the most versatile diva, he says, is the white sturgeon. It makes an awful fuss: whistles, howls, yells and gnashes its teeth. Well, why not? What if somebody was trying to steal your caviar?

RALPH, BOY, FORGET IT

On Oct. 3, 1951, Bobby Thomson hit a home run that made him an all-time hero of baseball—a three-run ninth-inning blow that beat the Brooklyn Dodgers, 5-4 in the final game of a postseason playoff. It won the pennant for the New York Giants, and turned the Brooklyn pitcher, Ralph Branca, into a one-man disaster area.

Last Saturday Branca and Thomson were among those who returned to the Polo Grounds for a special "Oldtimers Day," a replay of the game that Branca would like to forget and Thomson never will. A photographer asked Branca to

pose with Thomson. "No," Branca snapped. "I'm not going to pose with that ——. I'm human. It's taken years to live down that hurt. If you want a picture, take one of the guy with the binoculars who was stealing our signs that day. There's your picture." Nearby, Thomson shrugged and walked away.

Later, less heatedly, Branca said to a *New York Times* sportswriter: "Nobody remembers that at 21 I won 21 games, and at 25 I had 75 wins. All they remember is the homer."

The Oldtimers Game began. Finally, inevitably, Thomson faced Branca again. He worked the count to two-and-two. This time, however, he fled to center field, where Duke Snider caught the ball, held it high in a late, late gesture of retribution, and threw it out of the park.

GROUND RULES FOR WAR GAMES

When the army goes on maneuvers it must necessarily do its enfilading and ambushing on private property. The



Fort Hood (Texas) authorities have been approaching farmers in the vicinity of Fort Polk (La.) to arrange for use of their land in connection with forthcoming training maneuvers. One farmer's permission was encased in stipulations.

"There is in Kisatchie Bayou, which runs through the northwest corner of my land," he said, "a catfish estimated to weigh 30 pounds. The hole in which he resides shall be off limits to servicemen, as I intend to be on the other end of the line when he is reduced to corporal possession."

A further restriction: "All chiggers and ticks which attach themselves to army personnel while on my land shall be carefully returned to the place from which they came."

And finally he described a spring

continued



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to people who carry... **



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"from which gushes a large stream of clear cold water especially adapted to the operation of a still."

"One of my neighbors," he advised, "has reserved this spot for use during the summer months."

THE INSIDE TRACK

• A national recruiting agreement among the nation's colleges is a possibility by next January's NCAA meeting. A proposed "letter of intent," to be submitted to all members, would require each conference to recognize the winners of rival conferences, thus ending, on paper at least, the flourishing pastime of raiding.

• A New York Met executive has told friends privately that Casey Stengel will manage this season and through 1963, then resign for good.

• The Baltimore Colts, upon whom old age has been creeping, have another worry: Quarterback John Unitas is still bothered by a swelling of the middle finger of his throwing hand. The finger was injured three times last year.

THE PIGEON HATER

"Francis is not particularly fond of pigeons," Sheila Chichester said when informed that her British yachtsman husband, off on a transatlantic solo crossing, had unexpectedly received a lost pigeon as a passenger after two days at sea (SL July 2). "I can't quite think what this might lead to."

Well, now she knows. Off the coast of Newfoundland, battered by a three-day gale, the pigeon abandoned ship. "Of course," said Chichester, relating the story upon arrival in New York, "he fell into the water right away, weak as he was, and began thrashing about."

Being a proper Englishman, Chichester put about to attempt a rescue. "Picking up a man at sea is a pretty tricky business," he said, "but rescuing a puking bird is rather frightful. He was so small there in the water that I was hard put to keep him in sight. I came about again and again, each time having to scramble up amidships, which was the only place I could reach the water."

"But the most nerve-racking thing of all," he said, "was the complete breakdown of communication between me and that bird. We had become friends of a sort, despite his always messing up my cockpit and causing me worry, besides, but there in the water, now, he consid-

ered me an enemy. I had my hands on him five times, mind you, but each time he broke away. Then I tried to get him with a bucket. I had him once, but he flopped out again. When I did get him, he really looked dead."

Chichester tried artificial respiration. "I worked on him for about 40 minutes," he said. "I breathed into his mouth and worked his lungs, and suddenly he made a noise in his throat and I felt him stir. But I think now that that's when he really went, you know, because he never moved again."

"I was dreadfully cut up about it," concluded Chichester, the man who is not particularly fond of pigeons.

GRACE AND PIZAZZ

Bullfighting's *El Namerito Uno*, Antonio Ordoñez, returned to Tijuana, Mexico last Sunday to avenge, as the promoters insisted, his going in the same ring three months ago. There to greet him were 21,000 curious tourists, who paid as much as \$14.50 to see the greatest living matador. Though he fought creditably (the bulls were poor), the largely California crowd couldn't have been less impressed. Instead, the olds went to a showboating Mexican named Jaime Bravo.

This was no accident. As a regular practitioner of border bullfighting, Bravo knows what the American customers want: lots of the old pizazz. And that's what they got. Strutting, grunting, taking chances that disgust aficionados, he bounded his two bulls until they died, possibly of embarrassment (his actual kills were pathetic). Although he was upended twice, Bravo somehow remained unhurt, and kept the crowd roaring with antics better suited to professional wrestling. He performed passes that appeared breathtakingly dangerous but were, in fact, not nearly so dangerous as the simple but evocative *naturales* of Ordoñez.

After the light, Bravo was recalled to the ring by insistent applause. Somebody lifted him on his shoulders and the crowd yelled "Bravo for Bravo!" Ordoñez took it all very philosophically. He was leaving the arena of Philistines with sound body and full purse (\$25,000), and shortly he would be back in Spain, fighting real bulls before real aficionados.

A TENNIS MANIFESTO

Revolution has never been a threat to the failing health of amateur tennis. On

the contrary, as the great majority of those interested in the game are now aware, the disease that has sapped its strength to the point of anemia is a stubborn resistance to change of any kind. Yet the organizations that govern world tennis shelter themselves under rules designed only to ward off the danger of never threatens and to prevent action for the one that exists.

Last week, in a typical bit of sensible conservatism, the International Lawn Tennis Federation voted for the third time in as many years to disregard the wishes of the majority and to sustain the worldwide ban on open tennis. Ironically, the 28 votes necessary to block the two-thirds majority needed for change were mustered from the South bloc, where definitions of amateur and pro are pretty fuzzy anyway.

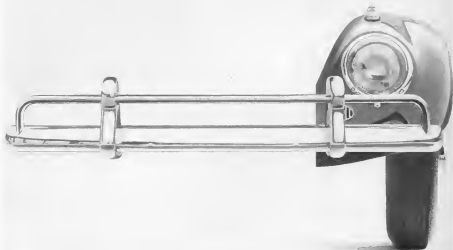
It is difficult to see why the athletes to the revolution of Lenin and Trotsky should fear a change in tennis. Their worry, presumably, is not that Russian amateurs will be contaminated by professionalism, but that they will be poorly as real pros. In any case, it seems a pity that a seamy Bolshevik did shoot the bomb used to preserve one of the most pointless holdovers from capitalism's past.

Thanks to the Russian vote, the whole world must now go on pretending that top tournament tennis is the prerogative only of wealthy young sportsmen frolicking on a country club lawn. At the risk of being labeled revolutionaries, we on the magazine urge the capitalist tennis fiends at Wimbledon and Forest Hills to fashion a revolutionary bomb of their own, toss it into their tournament, and open up tennis with a bang.

THEY SAID IT

- Speedster Maury Wills of the Los Angeles Dodgers, who has already stolen half the bases he needs to break Ty Cobb's record of 96 in one season: "It's impossible to steal more than 60 bases in one season without running foolishly."
- President Kennedy, to Stan Musial at the All-Star Game: "A couple of years ago they told me I was too young to be President and you were too old to be playing baseball. But we fooled them and we're still fooling them."
- Vice-President Johnson, on the trails of being a devoted Senator baseball fan: "I do all I can for them. I even pray for the team each night. I hope the Supreme Court doesn't declare that unconstitutional."

END



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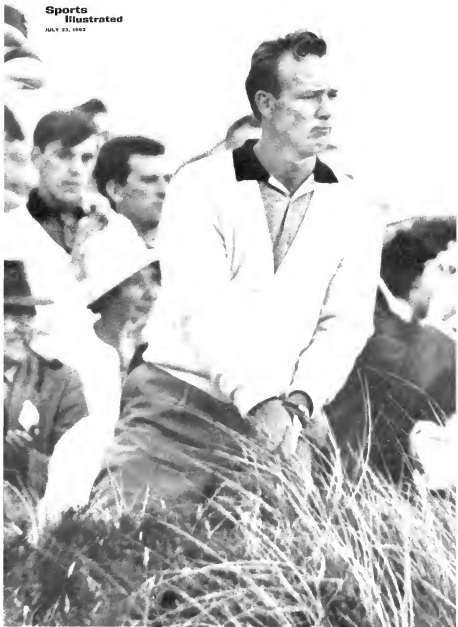
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We have such a package.

**Sports
Illustrated**

JULY 23, 1993



MURDER ON A MOOR

Arnold Palmer, playing the finest golf of his life, defied the pressing crowds, the torturous rough and the rock-hard fairways on Scotland's Old Troon course to fire four rounds that killed off all opposition in the British Open

CONTINUED



THE WILD WAYS OF OLD TROON

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Old Troon is a dour and forbidding links hard by the Firth of Clyde in the western seascape of Scotland, one of those eerie, unnerving British golf courses surrounded by evil dunes, vile shrubs and an atmosphere more suited to the Hound of the Baskervilles than to sport. Last week this famous 84-year-old course added a list of new horrors—a riotous crowd, fairways as firm as a battleship's deck, the incessant whine of jets landing on a runway only 3,000 yards away—and tried to scare Arnold Palmer out of the British Open title he was there to defend. But it was Old Troon, with all its hazards, that wound up on the defensive.

Palmer responded to Scotland's fierce challenge with what he himself called the four best rounds of his career. Mauling the formidable course almost as he pleased, he shot a remarkable 71-69-67-69, crushed the British Open's finest field in decades and set the English to exclaiming what many Americans have been saying all along—that Palmer may well be the greatest golfer ever to play the ancient game.

It has been more than 25 years since the British got quite so worked up over their Open championship. From time to time in the past there were exciting American invaders—Palmer, of course; Hogan, who won in 1953; Snead, the 1946 winner; and an occasional collection of lesser players. But this time they

had the best foreign field since the days when Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, Walter Hagen and their contemporaries made the Open an annual pilgrimage. In addition to Defending Champion Palmer and U.S. Open Winner Jack Nicklaus, there was Snead again, still a wondrously smooth golfer at the age of 50; there were Gene Littler, in the prime of his career, and brash young Phil Rodgers, whom the British golf writers most politely referred to as "wise-cracking." From South Africa came Gary Player and an able delegation of his lesser-known countrymen. Australia was represented by Kel Nagle and Peter Thomson, and New Zealand by young Bob Charles.

"Truly the world championship of golf," wrote more than one British paper with undisguised pride.

A good many of the visiting players felt, however, that they were competing on uneven terms. How, they asked, can you ever make a decent score with the wind tearing across the links, and the fairways impossibly hard?

To be sure, Troon is a strange course by American standards. The first six holes, which run alongside the Firth of Clyde, are not too different from some of our own seaside courses—flat and bordered by the long, tough grass that the Scots call bent. But then the course, newly lengthened to 7,045 yards, turns inland over hilly dunes. The fairways are narrow, spotted with steep-sided bunkers that look like moon craters and burned brown by one of Scotland's worst droughts. In some areas it is possible to get a better lie in the rough than the fairway. But in other places the rough is full of those bushes that are as prickly as the Scots conscience: varieties of spiny broom and an impenetrable menace called whin.

Some of the shots that must be hit through or around these dangers are absolutely blind. The second shot on the 9th is over a hump of dune to an unseen green nestling on the edge of a trailer camp, from which casually clad mothers and babies peer across at the golfers. The drive on the 10th is another blind shot over enormous dunes and between the towering poles supporting the approach lights to one of the jet runways at Prestwick International Airport. The peeps and chirps of the commuter trains, which sound exactly like a dime-store whistle, are just one of the minor hazards on the 11th. Gary Player said early in the week that the last nine

WASTELAND OF STEEP MOUNDS AND BUSHES FACES PALMER AS HE HITS TEE SHOT





UNCONTROLLABLE GALLERY THUNDERS PAST THE ROPES AND STEWARDS IN ENTHUSIASTIC RUSH TO CAPTURE A VANTAGE POINT

holes were "the most difficult in the world when the wind is blowing." Later in the week the wind didn't blow, and Player still couldn't handle them.

"There's so much luck involved," Gene Littler observed one morning before starting a round. "You can watch two perfect drives go right down the middle of the fairway, and one will bounce into the rough, while the other will kick straight ahead and roll 50 yards."

This sounds horrible, as well as unfair, but the British view of the game is that a course should test a man's fortune as well as his fortitude. As one Englishman explained, "Our people think that a golf course should follow natural terrain, whatever that may be. On most seaside courses you are going to get lumpy ground. Your chaps feel that if you hit a fine shot you should be entitled to a good lie on the fairway. You can't say either philosophy is right or wrong. It is simply a matter of one's traditions and the way one is used to playing a game. We feel that over 72 holes the bad bounces and the good ones will even out among all the players. On our courses, if you let a bad bounce get you down, you are done for."

Approach shots to the greens seemed to bother the Americans even more than the stray bounces. As on many British

courses, the greens at Troon are hard. American pros, who are used to hitting their iron shots dead to the pin and watching them dig in and stop within a few feet, have trouble learning the British technique of hitting short and letting the ball roll to the hole. In addition, the smaller British ball, lying tight on the sparse Troon fairways, does not take the backspin that American pros like to get on their shots.

Thus it was with some dismay that all our players approached their task at Troon—all, that is, except Palmer, who doesn't believe in dismay, and Rodgers, who never recognizes grounds for it.

It is the Palmer response to challenge—whether from a golf course, a golfer or even fate—that separates him from the other top players the game has known. When the qualifying rounds began on Monday there were, in addition to the course, two other very evident challenges for Palmer to meet. The first was Jack Nicklaus or, more specifically, the problem that Jack Nicklaus had created for the Palmer career. A month ago in the U.S. Open at Oakmont, Palmer had come to the closing holes of the tournament needing only one of his Garrison-finish putts to defeat Nicklaus for the championship, and failed. There were those who wondered whether this would

hunt the edge of Palmer's magnificence and deprive him of his overwhelming confidence in his ability to produce the successful shot when it is most needed.

The other Palmer challenge at Troon was a good deal more prosaic. A few hours before he was due to tee off in the first qualifying round on Monday, he sneezed. He thought nothing of it at the time, but a short while later, as he was warming up on the practice tee, he felt some sharp twinges in his hip and some acute pains down his left leg. His stomach also was upset. The pains in his back and leg persisted as he played, and he went around the windswept course in an unimpressive 76.

That night and the next morning his wife, Winnie, massaged the twinging muscles with Ben-Gay. On Tuesday, playing his final qualifying round on the shorter, less demanding Lochgreen course, Arnold had a 67 that showed he could swing a club the way he wanted, though he was careful to keep himself wrapped in long underwear. "It hurts," he said, "but I don't think it's anything more than a little cold in my back."

Winnie said later, "I keep rubbing his back every day and it seems to feel better, but the pain comes back each time he sneezes. I think there is some pollen in the air that keeps making him sneeze."

continued



COURSE WAS ALL GORSE FOR NICKLAUS, WHO SCRAMBLED TO A 10 ON 11TH HOLE

BRITISH OPEN *continued*

Tuesday night, as the qualifying rounds ended, there began seven blessed hours of rain that at least slightly softened Old Troon for the championship play about to begin. Wednesday dawned warm and clear, the kind of day to gladden a man with an aching back.

It was obvious as Palmer shot his first-round 71 that day and followed it up on Thursday with a 69 that he had met the physical challenge of his ailments and overcome them. The man the British press charmingly calls "A. Palmer" was already ahead, with "K.D.G. Nagle" two strokes back and hardly anyone else with the slightest chance.

Then, on a thrilling and tumultuous

Friday, Palmer played 36 holes that stood as his answer to the psychological challenge posed both by the course and by his failure at the U.S. Open, and showed he is still the master of his violent game (see page 29). Bored with his lead, as always, he promptly lost it when Nagle birdied the first two holes of the morning round. On the fourth hole Palmer drove into a deep fairway bunker and lost a stroke coming out. Nagle now led the tournament. Palmer was irritated. He tugged sternly at his white coat sweater and speeded up his pace, walking briskly to the fifth tee, where he rammed a long, firm iron shot 12 feet from the cup on this 210-yard par 3. When he curled in that birdie putt the Palmer charge seemed to be on. He birdied

the 6th, too, and still held a one-stroke lead through 10.

It was the 11th hole, more than any other problem on this complex golf links, that brought out the verve and skill of Palmer's golf. Measuring 485 yards, the 11th required a drive from an elevated tee with a carry of better than 200 yards over a vicious, hilly tangle of heather and long, weedy grass. The toughest area of the fairway is scarcely 30 yards wide and full of Troon's dispiriting humps and valleys. On each side of the fairway is some of that miserable whin. Furthermore, along the entire right side of the fairway lies a four-foot stone wall separating Old Troon from the railway. Beyond the wall is out of bounds. "The most dangerous hole I have ever seen," said Palmer.

From the start of the tournament Palmer had been using a one-iron for accuracy off the tee here and then hitting a low, whistling two-iron up the hill to the green. Including his own qualifying round at Old Troon, Arnold had played the hole three times and gotten two eagle 3s and one birdie 4.

Others found the 11th more difficult. In one single round of the tournament, two 10s and two 11s were recorded there. Jack Nicklaus typified his futile week with a 10 on the 11th during his final round after driving into the whin, completely missing the ball once, hitting a shot onto the railroad track and finally arriving on the green in eight.

On Friday morning Palmer reached the 11th tee with just that single-stroke lead over Nagle. He knew from sad experience that Nagle, a personable golfer who gets consistent results from a rhythmic, stilted swing, could be a deceptive and difficult foe. It was Nagle who had beaten him by one stroke in the 1960 British Open. But, Palmer fashion, Arnold chose this point to gamble. He drove off the tee with his spoon instead of the one-iron. It was a perfect shot just to the left center of the fairway. He followed it with a sensational two-iron that was on the pin all the way and appeared to run right up alongside the hole. Nagle at this moment hit one of his few really poor shots of the week, slicing a spoon into an apparently unplayable lie in the long grass next to the wall.

The fortunes of golf are such, however, that when Palmer arrived at his ball he found it had overrun the green and hidden itself in some long grass on the far side. Nagle, on the other hand, discovered he could extricate his ball. He

played an excellent trouble shot to the green and managed to salvage what had at first seemed an impossible par. Palmer had to play his chip cautiously out of the long grass, took two putts to get down, and had gained nothing for his great effort.

Going down the 12th fairway, Palmer released an enormous sigh and said, "The two best shots of my life, and the ball is covered with grass." Undiscouraged, he pressed on. The situation now called for a further Palmer charge, and Arnold responded, completing what he later called "my best round of golf ever." From a deep bunker alongside the 12th green he got down in two for his par, thanks to an eight-foot putt that sent his arms skyward with joy. He birdied the 13th with a six-foot putt, parred the 14th, birdied the 15th from eight feet, the 16th from two feet, the par-3 17th with a 25-footer—four dazzling birdies in live holes. He finished in 67, breaking the course record by two strokes and breaking up the British Open as well.

By the 11th hole in the final round he had stamped his way to a 10-stroke lead. What must have been one of the wildest galleries in golf history was joyously stampeding with him.

The enthusiastic mob of 15,000 Scots was swollen beyond all control by hordes who had entered in unusual fashion. This day was the start of a Glasgow holiday, and great swarms of its more robust citizens had thriftily worked their way along the beach of the Firth and onto the golf course without paying the 10-shilling admission price. No policeman or steward would have been so foolhardy as to risk a hushed head in the name of authority, so the invaders thundered over the course untrained. Palmer had to fight his way through this mob on every fairway to reach the ball. It took a phalanx of policemen to wedge him through the pushing, hollering mass of people around the 18th green, where the throng broke a clubhouse window. When Palmer finally made it he staggered and stumbled in mock exhaustion, restoring a certain amount of good humor to a crowd that seemed on the verge of riot and giving him one more laurel that was not won by golf alone. He proceeded to sink his birdie putt to finish with a total of 276. His six-stroke lead over Nagle was the biggest victory margin in a British Open since 1929 and the best score in Open history.

The difficulty of the course that Palmer conquered and the scope of his success



PAIR OF PLEASED PALMERS HANGS ON TO TROPHY THAT ARNIE HAS WON AGAIN

can best be understood when measured against what happened to some of his best-known opponents.

Bumptious Phil Rodgers played excellently and finished third, but was 13 strokes behind Palmer. Sozad, playing as if age was no factor in golf, finished sixth with a 292, and only 23 players in the field could break 300. Nicklaus had an 80 the first day and ended up with a 305. "How can anybody shoot an 80?" he was heard exclaiming. Gary Player, our 1961 Masters champion, didn't even qualify for the last day's play and flew off in a huff. Little, our 1961 Open champion, also failed to qualify and flew off slightly humiliated.

If a foreigner had to take away their Open title once again, the British were

delighted it was Palmer. The respect and admiration he received in the press was almost embarrassingly profuse, and well typified by the words of Pitt Ward-Thomas in *The Guardian*. "If one adds to [his] technical ability," he wrote, "an active enquiring mind, that rare blend of intense self-confidence and true modesty, the ability to acquire concentration through a relaxed approach, and a truly formidable desire to win that is never outwardly aggressive, here is a remarkable man. In all the sum of his achievements in titles and money, Palmer remains a delightful, friendly human being who commands respect and affection."

Old Arnold, it seems, is at it again, and not-so-seary Old Treen was the first to find out.

END

DOUBLE VICTORY FOR THE HATMAKER

Welterweight Champion Emile Griffith overcame tricky Ralph Dupas—and his own nightmares—in his first fight since he punched Benny Paret to death in New York four months ago by GILBERT ROGIN

Several days before he defeated Ralph Dupas and his own internal torment, Emile Griffith, milliner and welterweight champion of the world, sat in a hotel room in Las Vegas beneath a Bernard Buffet print of the tranquil Seine and flipped through a magazine. Suddenly he gave a sharp, anguished cry and shut the magazine as though slamming a door. Emile had chanced upon a photograph of himself beating Benny Paret. It showed Paret's face, puffed and twisted, in the last moments of their fight in March. Paret never recovered from the beating nor has Griffith. "I didn't know his picture was in there," Emile said, agitated. "Every paper I pick up I read about it and my heart goes into my toes. Benny, Benny, Benny!"

Since that remorseful March night, Paret has returned often, a mute, implacable and accusatory ghost, sometimes standing in dreams at the foot of Emile's bed, sometimes appearing unsuccessfully disguised as a sparring partner. When this last has happened, Emile has stayed his hand, turned away and despaired of being able to fight again.

As if Griffith, who at 23 is a whimsical boy, wasn't freighted with enough tragedy, several weeks after Paret's death the young wife of Howard Albert, his co-manager, died. Emile learned of her death while visiting the Virgin Islands, where he was born, and rushed back to New York. "That night," he recalls, "for the first time in a long time, I drank—Manischewitz wine. I got so drunk, so high, man, I went to a bar and said, 'May I have some Manischewitz wine, please?' Two sips and I was drunk again. I don't know how I got home. Howard told me that I'm the only thing he

have left now. It's terrible for Howard."

Griffith is further burdened by the cheap, irrelevant slurs directed at his nature, remarks which, when repeated by Paret before the fatal fight, contributed to what Emile now calls accurately but euphemistically, "The Accident." Paret felt that Griffith did not behave like a fighter, that he had too little *mo-chusino*, or manhood. "I'm no angel," Emile says, "but I try to act like a fighter in and out of the ring. I know how the old champions acted in the ring because I've seen them in the movies. Out of the ring, I don't know how they acted. They say Griffith don't act like a champ. How do a champ act? They say Griffith don't dress like a champ. How do a champ dress?"

Of course, there were a few carefree moments in the days before the Dupas fight. Every afternoon Griffith would phone his mother, a robust woman he calls "Chubby Checker." One day he learned that she had lost several gold teeth. "Who will laugh, Mommy?" he gleefully consoled her. "Now, I myself will flip if I see you without teeth in. Mommy, now look up the dentist in the Yellow Pages." A young friend got on the phone. "I know Mommy don't have any teeth," Emile told him. "When Chubby Checker laugh her head goes back and it all shines in there. I'm going to make a charm of her gold teeth and wear it around my neck."

But no matter how many doors he closed, Emile could not shut out the ghost of Benny, or the memory of his own small, deliberate hands. "I know," he said, "I have to fight two persons in the ring that night, Dupas and myself." At times he sought consolation in Du-

pas' reaction to fighting him, "How does this guy feel?" he asked out loud.

Dupas, for his own part, said he was concerned. "I'm a very sensitive kid, too," he added. "People ask me, are you scared of Griffith? I'm not a coward, I tell them, I'm valiant. 'Cowards die many times before their death, a valiant tastes of death but once. Of all the wonders that I have heard, it seems most strange. Fear and death, a necessary end, will come when it will come.' Julius Caesar."

Dupas, a friendly, swarthy fellow from New Orleans, was the first-ranked challenger. He had had 113 fights since he turned professional at 14 and, though he lost only 15 of these, he never gained the favor of the crowd because of his hit-and-run tactics. It was Ralph's contention, however, that he was now a changed man, that he could present a fresh image that would enable him to lick Griffith and be adored. "I am," he said, "a completely new person. It may be esoteric, but I feel so much stronger. I've punched the sandbag with brogan shoes on, chopped trees, rowed a heavy skiff. Of course, I'll move the same way, and Griffith—what a beautiful body to hit—will be so confused he'll throw his arm out of joint. I could always stand and punch if I wanted to. But I started boxing when I was 14. Ralph, I told myself, when you reach your mid-'20s you can go in and punch. Don't do it now."

"I've preserved myself all these years for this moment. I said to myself, Ralph, keep running until you mature. Do you

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ON THE OFFENSIVE. Griffith backed Dupas against ropes but he did not keep him there.





Lady's Brief Distress

This disheveled hulk, here being towed ignominiously into Newport, R.I. by her powered tender, is the onetime queen of the sea, *Columbia*, victorious defender of the America's Cup in 1958. Heavy gusts of wind and a welding failure caused her 90-foot aluminum mast to snap during last week's first round of trials to select a new defender to meet the Australian challenger, *Greel*, off Newport in September. The accident tossed two of *Columbia*'s crewmen into the roiled waters; but with another set of trials ahead before the final selection, the former defender's chances were still very much afloat.

Frederic Nakajima



The desert city of Phoenix has 10,000 pools, but swimmers and divers and dunkers crowd into one of them as if it were the only water hole west of the Pecos

SMITH'S PLACE IN THE SUN

by COLES PHINIZY

Men often succeed spectacularly at times and in places where common sense tells them they should not even try. On several basic counts, the whole city of Phoenix, Ariz. is an impossibility. In summer the noon sun is strong enough to bore a hole in a man's head, and the Salt River Valley, where Phoenix sprawls, gets enough rain for chuck-wallas and lesser lizards but for little else. Yet there are now 600,000 people living handsomely in the valley where barely 35,000 existed 50 years ago. The city of Phoenix has plenty of water, and water-lovers of all the usual aquatic types. In the past five years it has become a favored watering hole and spawning ground of springboard divers. For any watery city a thriving colony of divers is the ultimate flourish—they are a specialized breed, rarely found in abundance anywhere.

The names, faces and forms of Phoenix' divers appear frequently in the papers—everyone in town knows that local girls won six of the twelve places in the last national championships—but relatively few have ever seen the divers in action. Although the city has many pools and many springboards, the divers from all around town—and from distant states—crowd into one unsightly but practical pool operated by a small, determined man named Dick A. Smith. Even without divers, Smith's place would still be the busiest water hole in town.

In a city that wears almost as much neon as Las Vegas, Smith's pool is hard to find. It is hidden in a huddle of one-story buildings, marked only by the words DICK SMITH SWIM GYM painted

continued on page 23

COACH DICK SMITH, now 45, still works actively with his champion springboard divers.





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Schweppes Tonic from England to our own thirsty shores. Who taught us to mix Schweppes with gun or vodka or rum. Who still sees to it that every bottle of Schweppes is alive with Schweppeservescence: tiny bubbles that last your whole drink through. Curiously refreshing!

Today, you can buy Schweppes Tonic west of the Pecos, east of the Potomac and in your neighborhood store. So always insist on the authentic Schweppes Tonic. If they don't have it—press on!

P.S. Try Schweppes straight—on the rocks. Delicious!



on a modest sign. There is one obvious flaw in Smith's place: the door isn't wide enough. From early morning until 10 at night, people come and go through it—well-proportioned athletes and cripples, adults of various shapes and all ages, and teen-agers, and a steady stream of tots, dragging and being dragged by mothers. Occasionally a stray dog sneaks in to lap water from the pool, thereby increasing its use beyond even Dick Smith's expectations.

A cottage at the northeast corner of the place serves as a "kindergym" for little children. At the far end of the property, older children queue up for trampoline practice. During peak hours, from the low building on the south side of the pool comes faint music, accompanied by steady thumping and occasional loud thuds. The music and steady thumping indicate that a dance class is hard at it. The sporadic thuds are contributed by judo wrestlers in an adjacent room. In one shallow section of the pool, a class of cripples swims slowly, trying to recover motor power destroyed by accident or disease.

In the shallows at the opposite end, a solemn, gaping cluster of 4-year-olds listen to their instructor. If they do not snap to it and learn to open their eyes underwater, the instructor warns them sternly, he is going to melt all the ice cream in the world and put dead flies in all the candy. The instructor interrupts his lecture to recover Cathleen Hallinan, age 4, from the bottom of the pool. Cathleen is a fast learner, and having already mastered the knack of putting her head under, she is now trying to see if she can go to sleep on the bottom. At this moment, on the far side of the pool, 4-year-old Doug Burch, member of an earlier class, has disappeared fully dressed. He is found cave-crawling in an open luggage locker. At poolside 10-year-old Jimmy Collins tells his mother that he wants to skip diving practice because he is pooped. (There is no reason for him to be tired; all he has done that morning is swim a mile and play nine holes of golf.) "You dive," his mother says crisply. "Better to be pooped here than bored at home."

In a corner of the pool a bunch of synchronized swimmers, supine, scull toward each other feet first, creating the image of a flower on the water surface. It



FOUR-YEAR-OLDS RAISE HANDS TO ASSURE SMITH THEY CAN OPEN EYES UNDERWATER

is not a perfect flower. The girls vary in age and size, and the littlest petal, Louise Watson, age 7, keeps sinking out of sight. Along one side of the pool there are several movable structures that are too low to be tables and too high for benches. These, like much of the gear at Smith's place, are multiple-use items, serving as rests for arthritics who cannot sit easily, also as starting blocks for swimmers, and as a "penalty box" where springboard divers are sometimes made to perch, like dunce in a schoolroom corner, because they have foolishly balked on the board. The water in Smith's pool usually quiets down about 10 at night, when the last users, wearing scuba gear, crawl out of its depths on

their froggy feet. Night is not the perfect time for scuba men to practice purging masks and ditching gear, but it's the only time the depths are free of bodes falling from the springboards above.

Springboard diving is an exacting art, best learned in water that is free of flailing novices and the distractions of a hurly-burly crowd, yet the country's best gang of springboard divers flourishes in the unceasing bustle at Smith's place. The prime reason is Smith himself. An experienced diver can make progress on his own, but for all his days he also needs the eyes of a coach like Smith, who has lived long and patiently with the art.

Smith is an unusual water-loving specimen who was spawned in an unusual

continued

water-loving town. Modern Phoenix gathers its water in eight impoundments in the mountains north and east of the valley, and it is on these reservoirs that weekenders enjoy themselves. In greater Phoenix there are about 10,000 swimming pools, most of them small, irregular jewels adorning the lawns of homes and spiffy motels. There are also about three dozen large pools used by competitive swimmers who are eager and in some cases accomplished.

Neither the reservoirs nor the chlorinated jewels nor the neon lights that wash the big desert stars out of the night sky would be there now except for a novel idea that first occurred long ago to some peculiar Indians called Hohokams. No one knows where the Hohokams came from. They seem to have materialized in the Salt River Valley 1,300 years ago, armed with the idea that all it takes to create an oasis is sweat. With stone tools the Hohokams dug 125 miles of canals, turning 75,000 acres of the valley green. Then into the valley swarmed the Apaches, behaving much as they still do on television. The earnest Hohokams disappeared, and so did the greenery.

The valley lay burning in the sun until an ex-Confederate captain, Jack Swilling, came upon traces of the old Indian canals and figured the idea was worth another try. Not much is known about Swilling except that he married a lady named Trinidad, and was stubborn and, at times, violently persuasive. In the one good photograph of him, Swilling has a hat in one hand and his other hand upraised as if to bash the photographer. The phenomenal, watery city that he started should have been named Swilling, Arizona, or perhaps New Hohokam. But an Englishman wandering by, steeped in whisky and the classics, insisted that Phoenix was the proper name for any town rising in such a searing, Godforsaken place.

Dick Smith, the most famous of the valley's latter-day water-lovers, was born 43 years ago, just about the time the city began to wallow in a bounty of water. Smith looks young and old; he has the features and wide grin of a boy and the creased leather skin of a desert man. His manner is quick, his voice firm and his words rarely wasted. He would make a good tactical officer or drill sergeant except that he is only slightly larger than a dormouse. Smith carries all his 138 pounds just about as he did in the late

'30s and early '40s when he was a competitive diver.

In national competition 20 years ago Smith was consistently in the money but was never the best. There are two distinctions that will probably always be his. So far as the records show, he is the only diver who has ever done a double-twisting one-and-a-half somersault from a four-meter platform into a wine cask. He did that shortly after World War II in Lodi, Calif., to avoid disappointing an aquashow crowd when the regular water tank failed. As Smith recalls that night in Lodi, when he pulled out of his spinning somersaults he never saw the wine cask, only the hard ground all around. But he hit the cask and has lived fairly happily ever after.

Smith's second distinction is a dubious one, worth notice because it shows something of the nature of the man. He was certainly the best bowlegged diver the sport has known, but then it has known very few. A detracting feature like bowed legs is reason enough for anyone to pass the sport up without giving it a try. Smith tried, and hard. As a teenager he went to bed at night with his legs lashed tight between splints in an attempt to close the gap between his knees. He learned to go without sleep in the process, but the gap never closed. Still today, when he dives for exercise or for laughs, a slice of desert sky shows between his legs where his knees ought to be. He can still put together a good list of dives, although his three-and-a-half somersault is sometimes only three-and-a-quarter, after which Smith pulls himself out of the pool stinging red.

From boyhood Smith carried a love of horses along with his devotion to diving. He earned his way to a bachelor's and a master's degree at Southern California as a wrangler and as a diver on an athletic scholarship. With legs that fit a horse so well, and look so poorly on a springboard, it is strange that he is now a diving rather than a riding master. It is probably only the nature of the man, like stubborn Jack Swilling and the Hohokams, to want to buck the longest odds. As a 13-year-old, Smith nearly killed himself by diving from a 48-foot tower and striking a rocky bottom. He suffered a concussion, fractured his neck and was paralyzed from the waist down for four months. The doctor counseled



WEARING A FACE MASK, SMITH GOES

him to a cautious, ambulatory life devoid of active sport or exercise, but Smith stole away from home to a local pool and taught himself to swim again, going first a few yards across the corner, then the width of the pool, then the length, and finally venturing back onto a springboard. His family first learned about his secret self-rehabilitation three years later, when the papers reported that 16-year-old Dick A. Smith had won both junior and both senior springboard titles in the state championships.

More by coincidence than anything, Smith's coaching philosophy closely parallels that of the master of the sport, Mike Pepper: in essence, that every dive in the book should be a beautiful flow,



BELOW TO ANALYZE A DIVER'S ENTRY

a blending of fast actions into a single fluid movement of elegance and grace. Like Peppe, he insists that every diver have a continuing respect for fundamentals. To clean up sloppy board work, Smith's divers frequently practice the front jump, a dive so simple it is no longer used in competition. Smith occasionally puts on a face mask, loads himself with lead and goes below to see if his pupils are honestly stretching for the bottom, rather than "saving" a mediocre dive by contorting the upper body underwater to make the entry of the legs and feet look better. Smith deplores the trend of diving away from beauty toward elaborate, unesthetic acrobatics, but he is a realist. Because the judges these days

give points generously for acrobatics, all Smith's girls and boys will have fancy stuff in their repertoires at the outdoor national championships next month. The most noticeable difference between Couches Peppe and Smith is a minor one of method. Peppe, in the manner of an old world maestro, often will analyze a small raw spot in a dive with a mere word or two and the flick of a hand. Smith is usually more graphic. When a diver goes sloppily through the approach to a dive, Smith customarily bawls out, "Wake up! Wake up! Wake up and see what you're doing with your hands. They look like large paintpots swinging on the ends of your arms."

Twenty-five feet inside the door of Dick Smith's pool there is a bulletin board, and tacked on it, along with minor notices, is a copy of President Kennedy's fitness message of a year ago. The message urged all hands—and schoolhands in particular—to check up on the fitness of American kids and see that they get at least 15 minutes of "vigorous activity" a day. Smith's copy of the message has faded in the desert sun, and it is perhaps as well, because the words hardly begin to reflect the kind of fitness that is practiced daily at Smith's place.

In Smith's mind, no fitness program can be measured by clock time or in foot-pounds. A prescription of 15 minutes of vigorous activity "might become an unwholesome dose of 'short-order drudgery.' " As Dick Smith sees it, no matter how much any activity increases endurance or toughens muscles, it is not worthy exercise unless it also involves some of the wit, courage or desire of the exerciser, thereby creating an individual rather than a strong animal.

The President's message also disturbed Smith because it dealt only with children, as if they were a separate breed, some kind of pet that required exercise apart from adults. At Smith's place there is no discrimination in terms of either age or proficiency. On one side of his pool there are two one-meter springboards barely five feet apart. Around noon of a typical day, on one of these boards, 6-year-old boys and girls are taking their first dives, plunging into the water like small sacks of cement. On the other board the very adult form of a girl rises high into the air, closes into a smart

pike, reopens and drops cleanly through a small hole in the water. It is Patsy Willard, Olympian national champion. The girl following Willard up into the same smart pike and cleanly through the same hole in the water is Barbara McAlister, who next week will be spreading good will in Osaka by winning one or two Japanese national diving titles away from Japanese girls. The diver following Barbara onto the board is Jerry Lippman. Nobody has heard of Lippman and no one may ever hear of him again, and Lippman knows this. He is getting a little bald and is past the age ever to hope for diving honors, but he has tried the sport, likes it, and so he joins Dick Smith's lineup of little cement sacks and champions. As he follows Barbara McAlister off the board, Lippman's approach steps are good. His hurdle step is not bad, although he brings one arm through as if it were supporting a tray of dishes. But then, at the top of the dive, he fails to get into a tuck, loses himself and crashes to the water like a mallard shot dead on the rise. The diver who follows Lippman is 14-year-old Lesley Bush, a slender, quiet girl, who in sensitivity and demeanor seems more the sort to succeed playing a cello in a conservatory quartet. Regardless, she is a very gutsy performer. Last year, at 13, after only two weeks' practice on a 10-meter platform (the equivalent of diving from a fourth-floor window) she placed sixth at the nationals.

Fitness at Smith's place hangs on the good idea of providing facilities where perfection and imperfection, children and adults, the fit and the halt, the natural athletes and the unlikely ones, all can mix. Within a year or so Dick Smith and a large part of his gang will be moving farther out on the desert to new digs which will have facilities for two dozen sports, and will be called the Desert Sun Athletic Club. The place and the name will be fancier, but the same common sense has been guaranteed in the prospectus.

Last week, in his second fitness prospectus, presented in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, President Kennedy acknowledged that "special programs were being developed for college students and for adults"—as the old newspaper phrase goes, "Steps are now being taken in Washington." But meanwhile, out on the desert, little, bowlegged Dick A. Smith is still giant steps ahead.

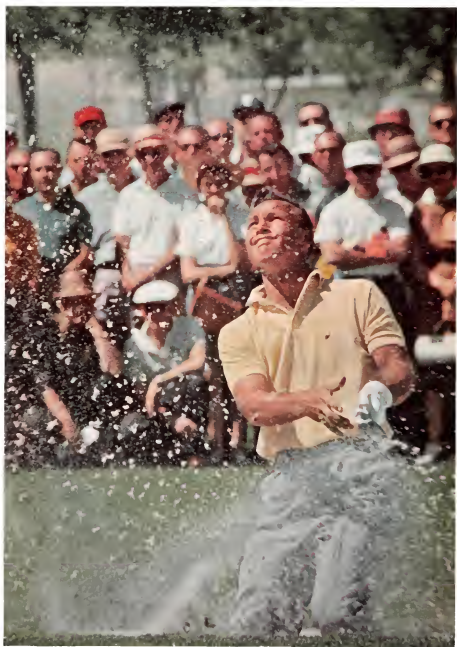
END

In the Philadelphia suburb of Newtown Square this week some 150 athletes are busy at their trade in professional golf's very own tournament, the 44th PGA Championship. The course they are playing, Aronimink Golf Club, is a rolling, tree-shaded parkland that offers the traditional promise of all such clubs: 18 holes of leisurely fun on a balmy summer day. It is a setting that suggests the Victorian conception of the game golf is supposed to be—a tranquil pastime in which fashionably clad gentlemen amble from hole to hole striking a white ball with the deft and polished artistry of a concert violinist. But when golf is played at its best it is no more pastoral than a bullfight. Nobody realizes this better than the men who work hardest at the game, the touring pros. In the color photographs on these pages they have been captured as they amply display just how much labor goes into their not-so-gentle activity. They smash and tear and rip and gouge their way around a golf course in what is an almost shocking display of brute force. They are mentally and physically at war with the very elements that onlookers find so soothing—twin tree trunks, sparkling sand, a lovely blossoming branch. And if they often hit shots with the utmost delicacy and finesse, they do so only because battle strategy dictates such maneuvers at that point in the battle. To see muscular Arnold Palmer crashing the ball out of a hazard, or huge Mike Souchak pouncing on a pitch shot, or portly Billy Casper ripping his way out of high rough is to realize that golf can be as strenuous as many of the more obviously turbulent sports.

GOLF IS A VIOLENT GAME

ARNOLD PALMER

With an effort so fierce it wrenches the club from his hands, a grimacing Palmer blunts the ball out of deep sand and high into the air.



DAVE RAGAN

Using a tortured follow-through that no pro would teach, straining Ragan smashes a drive.

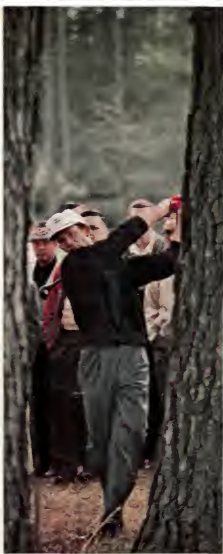


MIKE SOUCHAK

Crouched like a tiger, Souchak pounds out a flat chunk of turf as he attempts a short putt.

PHIL RODGERS

*His pudgy body stuggers under the force of
his own swing as Rodgers flails an iron shot.*



DON JANUARY

*Flanked by pines, January uses a wood to
defeat two hazards, the rough and the trees.*

BILL CASPER

*Lashing into a shot like a man scything hay,
Casper thrashes his ball out of heavy rough.*



JERRY BARBER

*Peering from behind a branch,
PGA Champion Barber chops his way back into play.*

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MENNEN SPEED STICK
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The Deodorant for Men



CANDY FROM THE BARGAIN-HUNTING BABIES

Appearing in adjacent columns in the *Los Angeles Times* the other day were three ads headlined "FLY. Each outlined a package—or "pleasure package"—that promised to fly me to Las Vegas or some other Nevada gambling resort where I would be served champagne by the carboy, lodged, fêted, fed to the casinos and flown home again, all "for the price of a good hat."

The El Capitan Casino at Hawthorne, Nev. would do it for the price of an ordinary hat, a mere \$10; the Hacienda at Las Vegas for \$24.50, the El Dorado at Railroad Pass for \$19.95. When one reached Railroad Pass there would be a \$15 refund in silver dollars, playable at any table. This trimmed the initial cash outlay to \$4.95. A friend of mine who had a compulsion against flying called this rank extravagance. His favorite trip was a bus package tour from San Francisco to Harrah's at Lake Tahoe, costing \$7.50, of which \$6 was refunded in silver dollars.

The invitation that won my business, however, was the Hacienda tour—three days, two nights at the Hacienda Hotel in Las Vegas, dinner, golf, a hit show, all for \$39.20. "Show time!" cried the ad. A long-stemmed girl in feathers and a Rembrandt toque stretched across the top of a four-engine Constellation, her left hand holding up a glass from which bubbled asterisks and stars and lowercase o's to connote the potency of the budget trip.

The Hacienda recently had its knuckles rapped by the CAB for operating as an unlicensed common carrier and was forced to reorganize its flying operations, but at the time I applied there was no trouble signing up for the \$39.20 tour. Our flight was three-quarters full. The

clientele was gay and effusive. There were secretaries, insurance men, minor executives, honeymooners, a young engineer, two college girls from Milwaukee—all of a middle-class cut, all of what the more posh Las Vegas hotels, like the Sands and Desert Inn, slightly refer to as the Shirtsleeve Set or the Greyhound Bus Trade.

"Fasten your money belts," chirped the little French hostess, and before the plane was much off the ground she and her companion had passed around pink plastic champagne glasses. The effervescent equivalent of asterisks soon began to fill the compartment. The stewardess said they serve as much as 30 bottles a trip. The revelers were generally agreed that it was a fine time they were having and wasn't this a good deal? and don't worry about our money because we're going to treat the tables and the wheels like they were booby-trapped. A girl from Cleveland, traveling with her 59-year-old mother, said her wagering limit would be \$2 a day, "and no more." A Los Angeles businessman said he'd heard that song before, and after six trips he had struck upon a solution: Go see the shows, then go home.

The plane crossed the San Gabriel Mountains and dipped into the Mojave Desert. "This," said the pilot, "is how low you feel when you roll snake eyes." (It is custom in Nevada to take customers' losses lightly.) The hot air off the valley floor reached up and shook the plane, but did not impede the flow of champagne. One girl said she had five glasses "and I didn't feel a thing." Neither did a man who had come aboard already bleary, and was therefore being plied with black coffee.

I had imagined Las Vegas to be a land

of shimmering women and high rollers (big spenders) and had been warned that it was no place for the cautious peccadilloes of cheapskates. My first impression upon deplaning was of a gray, flat desert interrupted only by the gallimaufry of glistening hotels, which rose from the desolation as if by a miracle of misplacement. The Hacienda is the last hotel on The Strip, or the first, depending on which publicist is describing the geography. It has a stable of horses, which nobody seems inclined to ride, a par-3 golf course that only the brave will dare in the 100° heat, a Z-shaped swimming pool, a track for pee-wee race cars and a showroom that goes unused except, said the manager, when the Girl Scouts are having a banquet. It likes to be called a family hotel, and there is no disputing this because teen-agers can usually be seen on the periphery of the casino, craning their necks as Mommy and Daddy have a go at the gaming tables. Las Vegas hotels let kiddies watch from the gallery, since the gambling area is off limits for all who lack the wisdom that comes with being 21 years old.

When I came into the casino. Already another free-cocktail line (champagne and pink plastic glasses) was forming. The view from the line was a panorama of slot machines, roulette wheels and dice tables. My friend who favored the bus tour to Harrah's at Lake Tahoe had said that there, when a passenger collected his \$6 refund in silver dollars, he was obliged to pass through a valley of roulette wheels and slot machines, with the silver dollars burning his palm and metallic tinkles and clinks assaulting him from all sides. He said that no one

The three-day flying tour to Las Vegas can be bought for the price of a hat, but a novice gambler who tried it found that his losses unfortunately included his shirt

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

ever made it with his \$6 refund intact, and I could now understand why. As we sipped our champagne and looked around, whatever resistance we may have felt began to subside. The ring-ding of the slot machines became a compelling tune. From the lounge behind the roulette wheels a chubby blonde chanteuse with a Kay Starr twang assailed the room with her 3-in-the-afternoon number: "Wheah somebody waits for me, sugar's sweet and so is he, bye, bye, blackbird. . . ." Wide-eyed neophytes among us discount-house gamblers, still clutching their bags, hazarded a nickel, a dime, sometimes a quarter, in the slot machines. One of the college girls from Milwaukee immediately scored. "Ohheee!" she squealed. "Look what it did!" On the stool next to her an old lady in Bermudas gave the pot a professional glance. "Five dollars there," she said.

There was a how-to class for beginners at noon each day, and a Hacienda croupier instructed us on the art and science of losing money. Some in the class were intimidated by the complexities of the table games, however, and returned to the slot machines where the action was direct and required no thought. It is easy to strike an affinity with a machine that moves only at your bidding. A stout man sitting transfixed as the fruit whirled before him was saying, "Come on, baby, baby, baby, you can do it, I know you can." The 59-year-old mother from Cleveland became affixed to the arm of the machine. Her fortunes ran hot and then cold, and still she could not turn

continued

FREE CHAMPAGNE soothed pregame nerves of tourists on first night at the Hacienda.





FRIENDLY DEALERS INSTRUCTED PACKAGE-TOUR GAMBLERS ON HOW TO PLAY, ALSO GOSSED ABOUT LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL

BARGAIN HUNTERS *continued*

loose. The young engineer whose wife and child were visiting her parents said he'd try the blackjack table though he couldn't afford to lose much. Neither could I, but I moved to the tables anyway. At first I watched from a step back, entranced but hesitant as the dealer whipped the cards around. The oldtimers (budgeters who came in yesterday) sat hunched over their cards like monks, contemplating the game with a studied nonchalance. They were in bathing suits and sport shirts, ties and cowboy hats. There was a magic to the routine of shuffling cards and passing chips, and the urge to join them became too great. Hands moist, I took a vacant stool. I had a faint awareness of the music from the lounge—"sugar's sweet, so is he"—and an irrepressible pounding at the temples. I was quite willing to surrender my ten dollars if I could just do it quickly and without notice. But despite a few social errors—crying for a "bat" instead of flicking the cards in the accepted manner, bungling the double play and the insurance call—I discovered happily that

I was enjoying a good early foot; five dollars ahead.

The Hacienda had friendly dealers, we had been told. And indeed my dealer seemed a friendly fellow. He was an ex-cowboy who once rode in Madison Square Garden. (Another dealer said he had four kids and managed a Little League team on his days off.) The cards kept coming. I found myself talking with the dealer about his family and his favorite fishing hole. A leggy hostess, not pretty, but not ugly either, her costume lacy and super short, had spotted my winnings and came to say that the house would like to buy me a drink. Sure, I said, why not, and I tipped her a chip. Money now had a subtle new character; chips didn't seem like money. They were lighter, for one thing, and when you are winning it is easy to throw them around. I became quite good at it. The chubby blonde singer, I told my neighbor, sounded like Kay Starr. He agreed. I discovered that my brilliance was not dimmed at the craps table, either, and soon I was carrying around a fistful of \$5 chips. It was not enough.

Out into the hot night air (or was it

morning) I went to try my skills elsewhere along The Strip—the Sands, the Dunes, the Desert Inn. Most of my fellow bargain-rate gamblers did likewise. The casinos began to blur, and in recollection they all looked alike, except that there seemed to be fewer cigarette burns on the better tables. I remember that I heard Louis Prima at one of the lounges and watched an Oriental in a spangly red dress deal blackjack at another. Just when my luck changed I am not sure. It was almost imperceptible, like erosion. Suddenly I realized I was down to nothing. More chips were bought and they became clumsy in my hand. I played it tighter, held them longer, but soon they were gone and the ritual of buying and losing became inordinately grim.

I headed back to the Hacienda. The gray-haired mother from Cleveland was still tied to a slot machine, her wrinkled little arm pulling and pulling. "Dammit!" she said, "I try it easy and I try it hard, and it still comes up lemons." A man from Detroit had wired home for more money—for the second time. Even the friendly croupiers at the Hacienda had changed. They became as witting accomplices

continued

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plices to our discomfort. The rapport was broken. I asked a fellow gamesman if he didn't think our dealer looked like he had a mad on for the world. "Did you ever see such evil in a face?" I asked. He said surely he had not. He then said the fat blonde singer didn't sound like Kay Starr. Who she really sounded like, he said, was Casey Stengel. The waitress in the shorty nightgown seemed to have aged a lot in the past 12 hours, and we heard her say that she was getting sick and tired of feeding her no-account husband, because "he gambles away all the money I earn. It's a sickness with him. A sickness."

If so, it is a sickness that the bargain tours have made easy to contract. A San Franciscan can be exposed for \$56.70. From Houston there was a six-day tour for \$179 and the rate from Chicago was \$188, from Detroit \$208, from New York \$239, and in general comparable fares by ordinary air lines were more than the cost of the whole pleasure package. Before last week's court ruling that it could not operate as a common carrier, the Hacienda used its own eight-plane air force, "the only one of its kind in hotel history." (Wilbur Clark of the Desert Inn bought 26 planes some years ago to launch a similar venture, then decided to sell them to Nigeria.) The spokesmen for the Hacienda say that until the hotel is granted a resort certificate by the CAB, enabling it to again operate its own planes it will contract the hotel with other carriers to bring its budgeteers into town. They say that the ruling merely means that for the time being the Hacienda can't use its own air force.

The Hacienda flights have been going on for seven years. Last year they carried 100,000 bargain-basement gamblers to Las Vegas. How much they contributed to the total of \$117 million wagered in Las Vegas during the year cannot be known. Rival hostellers say it is not much. But by the time the budgeteers are ready to leave, they have seen the garish insides of practically every major hotel and made a contribution to each casino they visited.

Despite the numbers of people it brings to town, however, the Hacienda is not loved within the community. There are 27 resort hotels listed with the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce and the Hacienda is not among them. "We are ostracized," said the manager, "because we are different." The rival hotels say

the principal difference is that the Hacienda caters to low spenders. A big casino in Las Vegas does 10 times more dollar volume in gambling business than the Hacienda. The entertainment provided by the Hacienda tours is ordinary Las Vegas nightclub fare, not those with such costly stars as Frank Sinatra or Red Skelton. "The Hacienda," said one publicist for a big Strip hotel, "is not of our philosophy. We prefer the one guy who'll spend \$10,000 to the 1,000 who'll spend \$10. The nut to crack is the big show—Durante, Sinatra, Dean Martin—and you can't pay for it with chicken feed."

As for us budgeteers who provided the chicken feed, we were unanimously solemn as we bunched together for the bus ride to the airport. If anyone had found the pleasure he sought at the price paid, his joy was concealed behind a grave and thoughtful expression. What part of our solemnity was fatigue—the

casinos are open 24 hours a day, and there were only perfunctory efforts to sleep during the three-day tour—and how much was disenchantment was hard to tell. In any event, we lined up early in the hotel lobby, rode to the airport and trooped stoically aboard the waiting DC-4. My own losses were minor. They came to \$40. The two girls from Milwaukee were down to \$1.10 between them and said they had walked two miles at three a.m. the night before to save cab fare. "If I had a thousand dollars," said one, "I'd probably go right back and blow it." On the plane, talk was scarce. The man from Detroit said he had lost "more than I care to say." The young engineer who said he couldn't afford to had lost \$300.

The hostesses passed down the aisles with trays. Where there had been champagne in a pink glass on the flight out, there was now sour lemonade in a Dixie Cup.

END

LEGGY WAITRESSES BROUGHT DRINKS ON THE HOUSE TO THE WINNING PLAYERS



No more joy in Beertown

A steady decline in attendance at Milwaukee—a 1.1 million dip in four years—may cause one of baseball's fattest franchises to strike out

Inside the main entrance to County Stadium in Milwaukee there is a bronze plaque that is dedicated "To the finest fans in all baseball." The plaque is dated September 20, 1953, and it is signed by Lou Perini, the owner of the Milwaukee Braves.

Perini had good reason for emblazoning his gratitude in bronze. That spring he had transferred his team from Boston to Milwaukee, baseball's first franchise switch in 50 years. In Boston in 1952 the Braves had drawn only 281,278 people. In Milwaukee the next year the Braves multiplied that figure by seven, drawing 1,826,397 for a National League record. In the next four years attendance went over two million each season, capped by 2,215,404 in 1957, the year the team won a pennant and a World Series. It was, in fact, this enormous success by the Braves in Milwaukee that erased the inhibitions of other owners about moving their clubs into untapped areas. Now everybody rushed to join the Braves at Sutter's Mill. The Browns moved to Baltimore, the Athletics to Kansas City, the Dodgers and Giants to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and the Senators to Minnesota.

But ever since the high-water year of 1957, "the finest fans in all baseball" have been disappearing. In 1958, when the Braves won a second straight pennant, attendance dipped slightly under two million—not surprising since fans seem to lose some of their interest when their team becomes an overdog. But next season the figure shrank to 1,700,000, dropped again to 1,400,000 in 1960 and last year fell all the way to 1,100,000. This year the crowds are off again and it appears unlikely that the Braves will draw more than 800,000. The men in the front office call the decrease "a return to normalcy," and point out that there are other clubs in worse shape.

What they really mean is that they are worried sick.

To appreciate the quixotic change in Milwaukee as a baseball town one must recall the circus atmosphere that existed in the early years. Perini's decision to move the Braves to Milwaukee was announced on a Friday in March 1953. By Sunday, cars began parking outside County Stadium, thousands of them, filled with people from in town, out of town, and out of state who simply wanted to sit in the stands, eat their picnic lunches and stare at the field. Everybody was there except the Braves.

When the team arrived from spring training a crowd of 15,000 was at the train depot, where a red carpet was spread for the players to walk on. After their majesties had been paraded through the streets in open cars, they were taken to their hotel and inundated by gifts.

For God and the Braves

Now the rush was on for tickets. The town of Cedarburg, Wis., with a population of 2,500, ordered 3,000 tickets to one game and filled every seat. A preacher in Portage told his congregation: "I want you to support the Braves, but don't forget us." A firm advertising for young engineers included this key phrase: "Only 90 minutes from County Stadium." Local hamburgers became "Bravesburgers," and soap wrappers in the Hotel Schroeder in downtown Milwaukee carried the message: "Take Me Out to the Braves Game."

The players couldn't spend a dime. Merchants gave them food, wristwatches, cars, beer, anything they wanted. A group of Italian fans gave a special "day" for Sibbi Sisti, German fans gave one for Warren Spahn, Jewish fans for Sid Gordon, Negro fans for Billy Bruton and Lutheran fans for that noted Lutheran, Andy Pafko. A Polish group gave Pitcher

Max Surkont a year's supply of kielbasa, a Polish sausage. (Surkont, who was 9-1 at the time, promptly ate himself out of shape and won only two more games all season.)

Now, nine years later, the long, wild party is over. It has been six years since Milwaukee fans gave a "day" for a player. Billboards no longer show Eddie Mathews drinking a certain milk, and there are no Brave stickers or team pictures in the local taverns. It is almost as if the town, stuffed full with the Braves and baseball, decided to give them up completely.

"We used to be packed tight on weekends," said a clerk at the Hotel Schroeder, where the soap wrappers are now labeled "soap." "Not a room available. We never fill anymore. And tickets! I saw \$1.80 tickets go for \$10. Now you can't give them away."

There are almost as many reasons for the declining Milwaukee attendance as there are empty seats in County Stadium. The Minnesota Twins, a new team last year, are luring away out-of-state fans. Many Milwaukeeans resent the rise in ticket and parking prices, and the trading of the popular Bill Bruton (who won Milwaukee's first home game in 1953 with an extra-inning home run). But the unkindest cut was last year's law prohibiting fans from carrying their own beer into the park. The law, now repealed, was a master stroke of public relations ineptitude in a town that likes to think that it invented beer.

The Braves' front office feels that the most important factor is the team's sixth-place standing in the National League. "We're selling a bad product," said Bill Eberly, the team's business manager. "If the team put together a winning streak and got back into the pennant race, the other reasons would disappear."

It is doubtful that Eberly's hypothesis will be put to the test this year or even in the next three or four years. The Braves are yesterday's team, an old champion fighting with too-old skills. Warren Spahn, Del Crandall, Ed Mathews, Joe



IN HAPPIER DAYS, shown in a photograph used as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s first cover on August 16, 1954, Braves' Third Baseman Ed Mathews hits against background of packed seats.

Adcock and Lou Burdette were all with Milwaukee in 1953. Hank Aaron arrived a year later. All were heroes in the pennant-winning years of 1957-58 and all are still with the Braves, forming the nucleus of a team. The new faces on the Braves are really just old faces from other teams. This spring the Braves promoted a slogan—"Something New in '62"—meaning fresh, bushy-tailed troops from the farm system into which the Braves have poured so much money over the years. But none of the young players has come through.

With attendance slipping, there have been rumors that Lou Perini will move his team again. This seems unlikely, although recently Perini said, "You can't compete in the market for players with clubs that consistently outdraw you, as Walter O'Malley said when he took the Dodgers from Brooklyn to Los Angeles." But Milwaukee has proved that it can support a major league team in grand style when it wants to and, perhaps more important, there are no longer many places left to go. Charles Finley openly covets Dallas-Fort Worth as a

new nesting place for his Kansas City Athletics, and has been so clumsily blunt about it that Senator Edward Long of Missouri charged him with sabotaging attendance in Kansas City so he would have a good excuse to move. The Los Angeles Angels will soon move to San Diego to escape the Dodgers and the high tariff Walter O'Malley charges the Angels for playing in Chavez Ravine. Bill DeWitt, now that he owns the Cincinnati Reds, would like to move somewhere else—Cincinnati's attendance is hardly better than Milwaukee's—but there is really no place left for him to go. And so it is with Milwaukee.

What can Lou Perini do? Well, he can sell the Braves, plaque and all, and he probably will, despite statements that "the Braves are not for sale." Perini is 58 and for some years now his wife has been urging him to get out of baseball, which she feels is too strenuous for him. The sudden death of Perini's younger brother Charlie last year is said to have affected him greatly.

It is also possible that Perini may be urged by his board of directors to unload the Braves purely for business reasons. The team is a part of the vast Perini Corporation that deals in construction and real estate, among other things. When shares of the Perini Corporation were made public in June 1961, the prospectus said that the Braves "have had an outstanding financial and competitive success." But last year the Braves lost money, about \$79,000, and this year they will probably lose money again, despite strict economies. These losses might not matter if the Perini Corporation were booming, but the price of the stock has dropped from \$12 to \$6 a share and the dividend of 25¢ a share recently was cut in half.

If Perini does sell the Braves, whoever buys them (one possibility is the Uihlein family, makers of Schlitz beer) must face the problem of coaxing people back to the ball park. "The thing that puzzles us," says John McHale, president of the Braves, "is that so many people just don't seem to care anymore. In the beginning a lot of people came out to see and be seen. Now we're down to our hard-core fans. But," he adds hopefully, "attendance is always a matter of peaks and valleys."

The Milwaukee peak was established in 1957 at 2,215,404. What McHale, Lou Perini and all of baseball are wondering is just how deep the Milwaukee valley will be.

END

*The fire on New
York's famous little island*

A controversial commissioner's concrete ideas bring summer residents of a once peaceful sandspit running to the barricades.

Not far from New York City is a shining, 30-mile-long larder of sand, pointing northeast, called Fire Island. Despite its nearness to the city, it remains remarkably unspoiled, and for a relatively small piece of real estate it is remarkably well known throughout the country (the late Wolfcott Gibbs made it the setting for his play *Season in the Swims*). Fire Island is part of the barrier beach that parallels Long Island for much of the latter's 140-mile length, serving its big brother as a protective breakerwater against Atlantic storms. It also has several generations of sun-and-sea-seeking New Yorkers. 18 cottage communities, some

with exotic names like Kismet, Saltane and Point O'Woods, have grown up on the island, most of them reachable from the mainland only by ferry—an inconvenience some 35,000 summer residents and visitors gladly put up with.

The summer people love Fire Island, but year by year they find less of it to love, for the sea is encroaching steadily upon it, and last week the island was threatened from another quarter, one that may be even more destructive of the qualities its devotees cherish. Fire Island's Battle of the Atlantic is one of erosion—thousands of tons of the sand of which it is made are being eaten away and

nally by the sea. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers some time ago came up with a plan to stop this—a system of jetties built at strategic spots to break the power of the surf and the dredging of Great South Bay behind the island to build up the dunes. All hands agree that this would save the island, and Congress approved the plans two years ago, although the money—\$10 million—to carry it out has not yet been appropriated. But the larger threat to Fire Island, one which brought some 1,500 of its devotees out in howling protest last week, is a highway

Robert Moses, president of the Long Island State Park Commission, has treasured the plan for this highway for 32 years. Creator of Long Island's parkway system and beautiful Jones Beach and mastermind of New York's forthcoming World's Fair, Moses has been peering through the bushes on Fire Island recently to see how his highway might fit into the erosion-control plan. As matters have developed, it fits like the last piece of a fateful jigsaw puzzle.

Five Island has a bridge at its east end, leading to a small park owned by Suffolk County. Across the inlet at its western end, another bridge is abuilding, which by 1964 will lead to a five-mile stretch of beach run by the New York State



Park system. All that remains to carry out the Moses plan is to fill the gap between these bridges with a concrete road running up the spine of the island—and, says Moses triumphantly, this road will stabilize the dunes.

Moses contends that the islanders are being selfish in wanting to keep the public out. The islanders retort that the public is welcome—as long as it comes by ferry and leaves its cars on the other side. Moses says his road will provide the residents even more privacy than they now have because access to the beach will be only at designated state-owned areas. The islanders find privacy at this price too expensive in terms of noise and gasoline fumes, and, anyway, they ask, how would anyone get to the beach without crossing the road? Moses says he will build tunnels at convenient intervals under the roads, but the islanders feel this is hardly an answer and point out that in times of heavy seas tunnels may well become funnels to channel water into the inland areas. And finally, what of the homes displaced, when in some sections the island is barely as wide as the right-of-way?

These were the matters discussed last week at a meeting held at Jones Beach to argue out the Fire Island controversy—and the wind that blew in the 90° heat

wave was no hotter than that stirred up by Fire Island's devotees. Said one islander: "If Bob Moses had been around at the time of Genesis he would have paved the Garden of Eden." Said Charles Collingswood, TV commentator and Fire Islander, quoting the late Elmer Davis in a 1938 comment on Moses' already controversial proposal for a road up the island: "Moses would save Fire Island the way Hitler is saving the Sudetenland." Moses, after 24 years, still didn't like the joke; he walked out of the meeting.

Robert Cushman Murphy, curator emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History, summed up the islanders' case in words that had a meaning far beyond the immediate and local issue: "Why must we supply traffic arteries to shunt everywhere people who want to sit on their bottoms? Is there no virtue in cherishing something that has to be won by purposeful desire and a little effort?"

Although a National Park Service survey has identified Fire Island as one of the few remaining areas on the Atlantic Coast suitable for designation as a national seashore park, such as the Great Beach of Cape Cod (\$4, Sept. 11, 1961), Secretary of the Interior Udall has not yet been moved to suggest that this be

done. If it is not, what will have been lost? First and perhaps most important, a place only 50 miles from Times Square where one can do pretty much as he pleases as long as he bothers nobody else. A place to swim, sail, fish, crab or clam. A place where a man—or a woman—can wander down the beach in the black of night shouting at the sea. A place where a person may sit at his ease in the sun and read, knowing that his young children are not crossing a busy highway against heavy traffic.

These values, which may seem only sentimental to the planners and builders, are the values of many men and women who divide their time between island—Fire and Manhattan. Manhattan is choked almost to death by traffic; Fire is one of the last remaining outposts along the North Atlantic Coast still free of the automobile. In most places it is as beautifully wild as the sea itself—a peaceful anachronism in a hurry-scurry country. The road builders may feel they are working toward the greatest good for the greatest number, but Robert Murphy disputes this theory. He says: "It is high time that our society begin to recognize the bench marks [or the waterline] at which the greatest number utterly wipes out the greatest good, once and forever."

END



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HORSE RACING

The two big boys are back in step

Carry Back and Ridan began winning once more, to highlight American racing's richest day

One of those big afternoons in American racing came last Saturday as the best-known horses in the country competed in five stake events for purses that totaled more than half a million dollars. In California, Prove It galloped off with the \$162,100 Hollywood Gold Cup; sweet little Cicada got an unladylike beating in the \$57,763 Delaware Oaks and Crutson Satan lost the \$84,550 Dwyer at Aqueduct. But by far the most intriguing races produced powerful victories by two horses who had seen little of the winner's circle in recent months. Ridan and Carry Back, Ridan, resting since being beaten in the Preakness last May, won the \$102,250 Arlington Classic (see below) and Carry Back, far from his best in recent months, took the \$109,150 Monmouth Handicap.

In the paddock before the handicap, Carry Back was so full of himself and ready to go that he was hucking, snorting and fractiously pawing the ground. He worked off some of his energy beating Kelso by three lengths and Beau Purple by nearly four in a strategically sound and beautifully executed performance that set a new Monmouth track record for a mile and a quarter of 2:00". But he still had enough ginger left to come back to the winner's circle, toss his head bossily and throw jockey Johnny Rotz right out of the saddle.

Carry Back could hardly have picked a nicer time for his energetic performance. One of his most loyal followers, a 16-year-old miss from Glen Rock, N.J.,



HEARING CARRY BACK STARTS TO UNSAT

was there to see him win. The young girl was Kathy Dietz, the daughter of a hardware store owner. She arrived that morning at the gates of Monmouth Park with a watercolor painting of Carry Back under her arm. She had finished the painting the day before, and wanted to give it to Katherine and Jack Price, the owners of Carry Back. Kathy Dietz had read everything she could find about Carry Back, had seen him many times on television and written scores of letters both to the Prices and to him. But she had never been to the races.

"When I was told that there was a girl named Kathy Dietz to see me," said Katherine Price, "I knew exactly who she was. We have gotten thousands of letters about Carry Back, lots of them requesting his picture and his horseshoes. But this girl had sent us two paintings of the horse. Jack and I liked them very much. She had sent letters direct to Carry Back, too, wishing him well when he was injured, or just telling him to forget his defeats and win again."

Mrs. Price thanked Kathy Dietz for the new painting and had her sit with the Prices while Carry Back ran. When Carry Back crossed the finish line first, Kathy was jumping up and down and screaming as loudly and proudly as Mrs. Price herself. The Prices took Kathy to the winner's circle, and then to a victory celebration where champagne was served in paper cups. There she met Johnny Rotz. "I don't drink champagne too often. I don't like it," Rotz told her.



JOCKEY JOHNNY ROTE IN WINNER'S CIRCLE AS COLT'S MOST AVID FAN (LEFT) WATCHES

"If you don't want it you can pour it in the water fountain and fill the cup with water. No one will know the difference."

"I wouldn't do that," said Kathy. "If I don't drink it, I'm going to save it. Forever."

"Why do you like Carry Back so much?" asked Rotz.

"Because," said Kathy, "he's such a terribly down-to-earth horse."

Carry Back, of course, is just that. Not since Stymie was running in the late 1940s has any horse elicited the special kind of affection which is now being heaped on him. Like Stymie, Carry Back is unfashionably bred, and, like Stymie too, he slugs it out Saturday after bitter Saturday against only the best. When he loses, the people in the exclusive turf clubs say, "There, I told you so. Breeding shows in the end," and go back to the difficult business of debunking his past victories. When he wins, however, the voices in the grandstand rise to a deafening pitch, and one can almost see the raising of thousands of tiny banners for "the people's horse." He has the color and the magic, and now he is at the top of the handicap division.

—WILLIAM LEGGETT

Ridan, certainly the big disappointment of this spring's 3-year-olds, came back to competition in the mile Arlington Classic in Chicago last week and overwhelmed a field of nine others that included the much-traveled and highly regarded Admiral's Voyage. Ridan won

as he pleased—by seven lengths in the mud—and anyone who saw him had to be convinced that he, and not the Belmont winner Jaipur, is the best 3-year-old in America.

Ridan made swift work of the Classic. At the start, Summer Savory stayed with him, but halfway up the backstretch Jockey Avelino Gomez let the muscular bay son of Nantallah take the lead and Gomez had little more to do thereafter except hang on. The chances are that Gomez, always smiling and normally available, will get to ride Ridan permanently and he has recently been in top form.

There will be some, of course, who will hold that Jaipur is still the best of the division. The final answer could come in the mile-and-a-quarter Travers at Saratoga on August 18.

Ridan's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, says, "It seems you've got to run in the East these days if you want to get in the championship picture. Our plans are to enter the American Derby at Arlington on August 4. We will then most likely go to Saratoga for the Travers, provided the Saratoga track looks fairly fast.

"This year, when everyone else is so inconsistent, we've got just as much chance as anyone to win the 3-year-old championship. We may even stay in New York and shoot for the weight-for-age races like the Woodward. You know, we could win some of them, too."

—WHITNEY TOWER

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amateurs
and
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that
plays
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GRIFFITH

continued from page 15

think I'd still be fighting if I went and fought like they wanted me to? No, I wouldn't. Here I am fighting for the title and the guys I fought, they're down. There's no fighter like me today. I'm one from the old school and I'm only 26."

"I feel now like I'm in a dream world," he said the day before the fight, eating mazza-ball soup with one hand and wringing his rosary with the other. "I say to myself, Ralph, when is it going to end?"

A lot of nothing

It ended last Friday night in Las Vegas' convention center. Until the final rounds, however, when he was all tuckered out, Dupus fought at the top of his unique abilities. Quick and flashing as a shadow, he darted in and out, switching often to a left-handed stance, feinting with head and shoulders like Bob Cousy hipping in for a lay-up. He ducked and slipped punches, too, catching them with his gloves and forearms, butting and holding—all the stunts and wise-guy moves he has amassed over the years. But alas, these were mostly defensive gestures. He gave Griffith, as they say, "a lot of nothing." For a time, Emile appeared bemused and frustrated, hesitating to throw a punch because the target was no longer there. But Griffith never really lost his composure. As he has said: "Never try to knock an old pro's head off." And Griffith did not. Although he has had only 32 fights, he possesses a veteran's cunning; he knows about the elbow in the face and the buttling, and he has had his foot stepped on so he couldn't get away.

All told, Griffith got in the heavier blows and the more frequent, and made a smart fight of it. When Dupus tired, sapped by his own razzle-dazzle and the accumulative damage of Griffith's right, Emile showed his power. In the 15th round Griffith landed a hard right which collapsed Dupus back into the ropes. Griffith followed with a succession of rights and an occasional left, banging the fading Dupus about the ring. Although Ralph was literally hanging on, Emile could not put him down. Once he had his man in that dark familiar corner, but his attack hung fire. Referee Frankie Van got between them and the chance was gone. It was, despite all Dupus did, an easy win.

Although his voice sounded clear and

steady, Griffith was in the grip of a complicated emotion after the fight. His right hand trembled independently. He tried to quiet it with his left, but the hand vibrated in his grasp and he looked fearfully at it. Once he struck it violently against the rubbing table and, overwhelmed with the mystery, ran bewildered into the lavatory.

"There were times tonight," he said later, "that I had a little doubt about myself. But then Gil [Gil Clancy, Griffith's co-manager] would scold me and I'd wake up. But there were times when I was wondering." He winced and passionately seized his fretful hand. "I'm very nervous," he said with wonder and apology. Later still, when all but his managers, his doctor, his elderly second, his assistant trainer and one visitor had left the dressing room, he doubled up from the tension. They laid him out on the dressing table and one held his fluttering hand. Then Clancy began to patch two eye cuts. "Hey, Doc," he said. "I don't know how to sew up this kind of cut. Give me that needle with the hook in it. I've got to learn sometime." Emile cried out in feigned terror and then laughed for the first time, unburdened.

He summoned the visitor to bend an ear down to his mouth. "When I got such a reception from the crowd when I came in the ring," Griffith said (and it had been a great, resonant welcome), "I felt like crying, but I wouldn't let myself. I just felt like letting all the water come out. Yes, I thought about Benny, Benny, in sudden spots in there. In the 15th when I had Dupus in the corner I stopped and looked at him again and I stepped away. But instinct took over most of the time. This fight did a lot for me. The next fight will do a lot more. Time, they tell me, is a great healer. The more fights I have, I pray and I hope that I will forget."

"O.K., Griffith," Clancy said, "on your feet. Let's go out and get drunk."

"Now," said Emile in his high, peremptory voice, "will you all keep quiet a moment?" He went, in his underwear and the rubber sandals they call go-a-heads, to a corner of the dressing room and, putting his forehead against the peach seat of a folding chair, knelt, praying, for a long time.

"All right, you can all start screaming again," he said, getting up.

"Now you can play the dice tables," said Co-manager Albert.

"Like mad," Emile Griffith said. "Like mad."

END



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Challenge by the Twin Cities

Baseball's Minnesota Twins have done much to ease the fierce sibling rivalry between residents of the Twin Cities, and now, at the Hotel Leamington in Minneapolis, a bridge team will attempt to further the cause of local unity. A strong squad of Twin City contract bridge stars, six from Minneapolis and three from St. Paul, has challenged the defending Intercity champions from Houston for the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy and the title of Bridge Capital of the U.S. They will play the 80-deal match in four sessions on Thursday and Friday, July 26-27. Last fall, in the third Intercity Championship, Houston beat Los Angeles. This year Houston will seat the same squad that so surprised the favored Coast team with its fine play in 1961: Ben Fain, John Gerber, Mervyn Key, G. Robert Nail,

Jerome Levy and Colonel Tim Willis, bolstered by Curtis Smith of Austin and Robert Wolff of San Antonio.

Nonplaying Captain Paul Hodge of Abilene will be leading the Texans against the Twin City team of David Clarren, Newton Dockman, Irving Levin, Herschel Wolpert, Morris Freier and Norman Justice of Minneapolis and Farrell Green, Donald Horwitz and Julien Philpuy of St. Paul, with Jerry Lee as nonplaying captain.

Two of the favorite Houston players at the last Intercity match were Fain and Gerber, and the chances are that they will be at least as popular with Twin City spectators. Gerber enhanced his reputation by serving as captain of our team at the World Championship earlier this year. Fain, who won the Life Masters Pair Championship playing with Paul Hodge in 1955, still plays from a wheelchair because of a broken back suffered in a freak accident three years ago.

Twin City rooters hope Fain and Gerber won't have the same kind of success against the home team in the current tournament as they had with this hand played in the 1961 event. Early in the match against Los Angeles, Houston was 24 International Match Points behind and needed a dramatic break. The Texans got it with a boldly bid slam that was made only because their opponents became tangled up in their own exotic convention.

Usually the double of a slam means that the defender who is not on lead is asking for an unusual opening—often the first suit bid by dummy. Had East-West been using this convention, a diamond opening, a spade return and another diamond lead for East to ruff would have set the contract two tricks.

But this East-West team (Harold Guiver and Erik Paulsen) uses a slam double to tell partner only that the doubler expects to win a trick, thus warning against a sacrifice bid if the doubler's partner also has a trick. West could still have set the slam by shifting to a diamond after the spade lead held, and Paulsen afterward gallantly took the blame for not having made this shift. However, he actually continued spades. Gerber ruffed, drew the trump and easily made the rest of the tricks, picking up 13 IMPs against Los Angeles, the second biggest point swing of the match.

EXTRA TRICK

Too many conventions can be worse than none. When a useful convention like the slam double has one clear meaning it is hazardous to tamper with it.

END

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer



Opening lead: King of spades

The Lovely, Lazy Sea of Più Tardi

The Mediterranean's music is an ancient, haunting melody that sounds for the sailor who takes his time. This is the story of a cruise on which the clock was stopped, and from Portofino through the offshore islands to Capri the only word for time was 'later'

by CARLETON MITCHELL

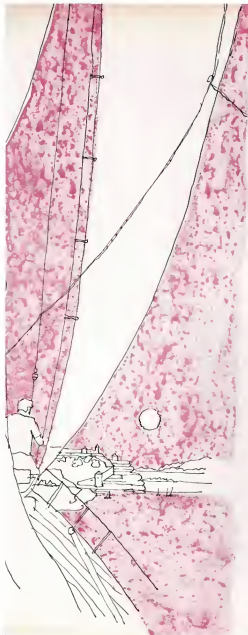


Only on the Mediterranean can some people be whole. Something about it is like music. Tell me the comparison is impossible, and I agree. Occasional bursts of song and random guitar chords from arbored garden and waterfront *trattoria* cannot swell into a vast celestial symphonic background, sensed rather than heard. Yet, for me, it is so. Music creates mood, a receptiveness to beauty, and along the borders of this enchanted sea there are always vistas which affect me the same way: colors flowing down mountainsides to spill into the water, play of dawn and sunset, mist over valleys, breakers against granite, birds crossing a sky bluer than Dufy's palette, a distant headland coming closer and the village waiting beyond. Call it mood, call it awareness, call it inner peace or beatitude or joy in being alive, but there it is, that feeling for the Mediterranean and the shores it washes.

There was no wind at all as *Ofina V* crept out of the harbor of Portofino on a brilliant Sunday morning. It was early. I lounged against the mizzen rigging watching the town recede, guarded by the absurd ramparts of Castello Brown, perched on the crest of the hill above. At this hour the cobbled waterfront piazza was empty. The daily hordes of August trippers had not begun to swarm.

As I looked back, there were the empty tables of Il Pitosforo, home of *cappelli da prete* and *scoops ai ferri* beyond compare; and the other tables of the other restaurants rimming the piazza, beyond fishing boats drawn up on rollers as they had been for generations. There was my favorite spot to

continued



sip a Negroni while engaged in the difficult evening task of wondering what to have for dinner, when everything was so good; and there, over the crossbeams of a voyaging British cutter, was the very window of my room at the Hotel Nazionale, so recently abandoned that the little maid who always bobbed and murmured *grazie* to anything said in my halting Italian probably had not even arrived to make the bed.

It was hard to leave, hard to leave. The moored fleet of yachts along the quay was doubled in the mirror of the harbor; each boat met a phantom counterpart at the waterline, inverted, masts poking down as far as up. I walked forward to look into the cove of Piaggia, and the entire Gulf of Tigullio lay over the bow: Santa Margherita and Rapallo and Chiavari, towns and isolated villas rising from the shore to the heights, tier on tier of man's colors in a vast natural amphitheater, surely one of the most breathtaking unions of land and sea on our planet. In the vastness, *Oliana* moved like a windup toy boat. Rhythmically the engine pushed us across the liquid mirror, the bubbles in the wake tiny bits of shattered glass breaking the otherwise perfect reflection.

For all its virtues, the Mediterranean cannot be called ideal for yachting. "It is always here the same," Lippo

Riva, *Oliana's* owner, had said a few days before. "Either the wind blows too hard or there is no wind at all." He had *Oliana V* designed and built as a compromise for these conditions by the firm of Sangermani at nearby Lavagna, amply powered for the calms but with sail enough in her ketch rig to be smart in a breeze, a fine Italian representative of the modern breed known as motor sailers. Only four days previously she had entered the water after being blessed by a barefoot monk from a monastery in the hills above, to swim away like a newly hatched duck, fully found. Masts were stepped and rigging complete, sails shackled to halyards at hand for hoisting. The engine was ready to run, linens were in the lockers, the galley was stocked. There could be no nonsense about gradual commissioning: built on an open beach, *Oliana* was skidded directly into the sea, and departure had to be immediate.

Without pause we had taken *Oliana* to her mooring in Portofino, and there had spent two days stowing personal gear and checking installations. Now on this morning of bright promise we were off to the southward, with Capri as a final destination. "*Come il dolce alla fine d'un pranzo*," as Olli Riva, for whom her husband's boat was named, put it, "Like the dessert to end the dinner."

The antipasto was destined to be the island of Capraia, some 85 miles to the southward. But first there had to be a pause off the Rivas' waterfront villa in Rapallo to say



goodbye to their children and take aboard a few last-minute delicacies. Right here it is necessary to make a distinction about Mediterranean cruising, which, like all cruising, is not only a way of life but reflects the philosophy along the shores. For an Italian the *malinva* of Spain becomes *piti tardi*—not tomorrow, just later. Translated into practice, it means never hurry to do something else so long as you are enjoying what you are doing at the moment. Meals are timed by the flow of wine and conversation, not the hands of a watch. So, after the Riva children paddled out in a rubber raft, we swam. An awning was rigged over the cockpit. Friends abandoned water skiing to come alongside and see the new *Oliana*. Champagne appeared. More friends arrived. Cheese and grapes were added to the deckhouse table. Clearly, it was to be a *piti tardi* cruise, so I happily turned off for the duration the time clock built into the Anglo-Saxon brain and filled a glass.

Eventually, children and friends went ashore and, anchor up, *Oliana's* bow swung toward the open sea. Soon we left astern the crisscrossing wakes of skiers, and the water stretched ahead like moiré silk, incredibly blue, but only a few shades darker than the sky. Sunlight shafted into the depths alongside like a gigantic star sapphire. Gradually my eyes closed, and I dozed, to awaken to lunch set on the folding cockpit table. A tall bottle of Rhine wine in the center, sides dewy. Chilled glasses. A bowl of dark Spanish tuna overlaid by thinly sliced onions, a salad of tomatoes and diced green peppers, a cold roast of veal, a Danish ham, a basket of fruit and a platter of cheese. We dined, and somehow the entire afternoon had vanished astern, along with the land and recent memories, and faint on the horizon ahead was a new island, full of promise.

It was dark when *Oliana* crept behind an unseen breakwater. Above, silhouetted against the stars, I had the impression of a cliff crowned by battlements, a somber fortress still on guard against invading fleets long vanished. For a sailor, it is difficult to say which landfalls are most intriguing. It is exciting to watch by day an unfamiliar shore rise from the sea, taking on detail; and there is an especial feeling about making port at dawn or sunset. Yet somehow there is the fascination of mystery in closing the land in utter darkness, steering toward a winking pinpoint of light that gradually becomes brighter, finally to drop anchor without knowing what day will reveal.

With morning, it was plain that Capraia still drowns in the past. Only the first wave of the new discoverers has arrived, sun-seekers living in tents along the beach. A few skin-divers basking on inflated rubber boats explored offshore rocks, while girls in bikinis watched from ledges. The town on the hill above was almost empty. Lippo explained: "The young people go to find work in Torino or Milano or elsewhere in the north. Here there is no cinema, no TV, no football." Houses of squared stones built to last through the centuries lined deserted streets, narrow in the medieval

fashion, yet each with a glimpse of blue water at the end. Climbing toward the battlements dimly seen on entering, I remembered a prediction made by a friend in London two years before: "There is no place on earth combining good climate with seashore which will long remain remote."

The ancient fortress, entered through a nail-studded door, commanded by arrow slots in flanking towers, seemed to give the lie to the remark. This could not be invaded by modernity. Yet I was wrong. Even here the past is capitulating to the pressures of the present. An *albergo*—a small hotel—has been fashioned from the old chambers, and guests loiter in deck chairs on the highest battlements.

Capraia possesses few beaches but many rocky coves, where the water lies still and clear. Because most of its trees were cut when the ruling city-state of Pisa needed ships to counter the fleets of rival Genoa, it has the clear-etched starkness of an Aegean island, a resemblance extending to the *trattoria* on the quay a few feet from *Oliana's* stern. As in a horrid Greek *taverna* we sat at bare board tables under hanging grapes, sun filtering through the leaves, and sipped a tart *rosso* from the volcanic soil of Elba that had almost the lingering aftertaste of *retina*. Yet there the similarity ended, with heaped plates of spaghetti and Italian vivacity.

From Capraia, Elba is a short run. When we had barely cleared the harbor we could see our next destination high and solid above the horizon. A warm breeze touched our shoulders in gentle reminder that we were supposed to be sailing sailors, and we hoisted main, mizzen and balloon jib to steal quietly across the calm sea. The Mediterranean carries an inescapable sense of men and ships which have passed before, and I thought it might have been just this way when Napoleon made the same landfall, his spirit to flare into the Hundred Days and the final fulfillment of destiny at Waterloo in a defeat so complete as to become part of the language.

Elba is beautiful on first impression, a feeling not dispelled by later acquaintance. The next morning we powered from the port of Marciana Marina to a beach resort at Badiola, dropping anchor off a crescent of pure white sand reminiscent of the Caribbean. While discovered, Elba has not yet been invaded: two hotels looked from one end of the cove over the sea, and tents clustered at the other, but there was no sense of crowding. We swam and water-skied behind boats hired from the shore, and then set sail to the westward, intending to spend the night at the fishing village of Marina di Campo. The wind seemed to be coming from behind each headland, forcing us to tack the length of the north coast. In sailing there are always compensations, and ours was the reward of island vignettes: tiny coves scooped deep into the rocky shore, boats and drying nets below lone houses, terraced vineyards surrounding villages high above.

Next morning the water lay under us as clear as a mountain pool. Near the anchor chain a small octopus was going through setting-up exercises, all eight arms flexing and

continued

unflexing—good for biceps and shoulders—and I thought I even detected a few deep knee bends. Donning mask and flippers, I lazily swam down for a closer look, only to find that the water was deeper than it seemed from deck. The octopus continued his workout, and I returned to the cockpit to munch grapes and *pignoli*—the dried pine nuts that were the unsuspected yet vital ingredient of the sauce *al pesto* now being prepared by Gino, the Genoese sailor-cook, as we powered toward Bastia.

Al pesto may be the finest of the pasta sauces, as visitors to the northern seacoast towns of Italy will remember. Dark green in color, delicate in flavor, its name stems from a pestle, sometimes used for crushing the herbs. On a clean board Gino chopped a large handful of the washed leaves of fresh basil, together with a clove of garlic (more can be used, depending on your tolerance, but it should never be allowed to dominate). He worked back and forth with the blade of the knife until all was finely minced, then chopped in about one-third the amount of *pignoli*. Freshly grated Parmesan and Pecorino cheese were added—Sardo will also serve, though Pecorino is easier to find. All this was blended thoroughly, then doused with olive oil, and a generous amount of softened butter worked in. Salt came last, then tasting, with more of anything added to achieve finally a subtle balance of all: the result was a thick paste, glistening with richness, with the blended flavors of basil, garlic, cheeses, olive oil, butter and an intangible background note of *pignoli*.

When I came on deck most of the 32 miles to Bastia lay astern, and the mountains of Corsica rose steeply from sea to sky. As a reward for my time in the galley, Lippo brought forth a bottle of Zeltinger Langerbach '89, proving his opinion that "nothing is so cool and fresh in hot weather as a Rhine or Moselle wine." Lippo Riva is not only a sailor (in his previous *Olimpo*, a small Sparkman & Stephens center-board yawl "almost like *Finnerte*," he had dominated the Mediterranean ocean racing circuit) and a big game hunter (none extended farther to Africa, with a bag including some of the rarest trophies on the continent) but also a linguist and connoisseur of good living. Part of the reason for our visit to Bastia was to effect what Lippo jokingly called a *coup de main du vin*, stocking French wines for the rest of the cruise at French prices.

We sipped, and swam almost below the ramports of Bastia, then powered into the ancient harbor in the center of the old town, bypassing the large modern breakwatered port slightly to the north. Awangs were rigged, and a faint breeze blew through. Almost apologetically the harbor master came to the foot of the stern boarding plank to give clearance. Bastia dozed in the sun. Around the quay, stone buildings leaned against each other, hunched and gray, like men tired by a weight of years. The present seemed dominated by a memory. Through every street strode the ghost of the island's famous son, the Little Corporal from

Corsica. Endless souvenirs of Napoleon filled the shops; bronze busts and statues, crockery and glassware adorned by portraits, coins and dishes of copper—reminders everywhere of the hooding eyes under the forelock and cocked hat, hand thrust into coat and booted foot aggressively forward.

Yet in the late afternoon Bastia came very much alive. As the sun lowered, the park along the waterfront filled with people, the evening promenade dear to the Latin heart. Girls dressed in their finery pretended not to notice admiring swains, couples at small round tables dawdled over cloudy glasses of *pastis*, families strolled under the palms, while the sky paled and a cool breath stole in from the sea. Then suddenly it was dark, the sun gone below the mountain range behind the city. Lights winked on, and restaurants began to fill.

Corsica is French, but with typical Mediterranean overtones, probably stemming from the *Mare Nostrum* of the Romans, a common heritage that influences all life on its shores. In many ways it has a primitive feel, but tucked in the medieval waterfront streets of Bastia—streets so narrow that the houses almost touch above, so unaccustomed to wheeled vehicles that they become flights of steps—is a little bit of Paris: the marketplace. Under awnings were stalls with good things necessary to *la bonne cuisine*—mounds of cheeses, sausages, fruits, fish, salad greens and carefully arranged vegetables; in one section a golden bull's head surrounded by carved ears of golden corn surveying cuts of beef and veal. We trudged through with baskets, cheerfully poking and squeezing and bargaining, part of the ritual, finally to march back to *Olimpo* with long loaves of French bread carried over the shoulders like rifles.

For my benefit Lippo planned to make a detour to include an island with one of the world's most romantic names, Monte Cristo. Lying by itself almost midway between Corsica and the Italian coast above Rome, it is rarely visited, a game sanctuary not open to the public. As *Olimpo* bucked a fresh sirocco, the southeast wind off the Libyan deserts, there was plenty of time to wonder what it would be like. The first impression was of a single rock pinnacle, hazy and unreal, a fragment broken from the moon. Earlier, I had had difficulty persuading myself that an island of Monte Cristo actually existed, and was not part of childhood fantasy, like the mythical count himself. Now as I watched it come closer—watched the craggy peaks compound, saw the carelessly strewn boulders—I thought it strange that chance should have directed a writer to choose such a perfect background for a story which had captured the imagination of readers. For Alexandre Dumas never visited the island he made famous, but picked Monte Cristo for his novel because he liked the name.

There is a single valley slashing down the center, a narrow vertical band of vegetation dividing the stark granite mass. The valley terminates in a small cove, gripped between two rocky arms. Smooth

enough to form a harbor in easterly winds, it becomes a seething inferno during a mistral, so that any vessel entering must always be ready to put forth at the first sign of a shift. Ashore is a single house among the trees above the cove, and a keeper to protect the game on the crags from Ponza fishermen. High above, Lippo pointed out the walls of an ancient building, almost indistinguishable from the towering cliff it crowned. Once, as he told the story, it had been a monastery. For many years the inmates lived blamelessly, walking barefoot to tend meager gardens and vineyards, chanting prayers from dawn to sunset. But the gaiety that swept Italy after the Middle Ages, the upsurge of spirit that flowered into the Renaissance, infected Monte Cristo, too. Rumors reached the Pope of full barrels of wine being rolled up the paths, to return empty; of songs other than hymns lifting to the sky; of merry monks pursuing bucolic maidens among the peaks. As a mark of papal displeasure, the monastery was closed and the monks scattered.



With dawn, the wind went around, not to the dreaded northwest mistral, but into the south, a *mezzogiorno*. Squalls rilled down the valley to snatch at our stern, secured by a loop of line over a boulder ashore. The sky was pale lavender, although *Olivina* still lay in deep shadow. Thick clouds touched by the sun flowed across the upper peak, writhing and tortured, putting forth icy-white tentacles, which slithered down the valley to be suddenly snatched into nothingness by another savage gust. When it blows on the Mediterranean, it can blow hard. Yet I had the feeling that this was a harbor like Great Salt Pond on faraway Block Island, where terrain funnels a wind into more velocity than outside on the open sea.

And so we found. Setting main, mizzen, forestaysail and jibtopsail, *Olivina* rounded the point to meet only a moderate breeze, which soon trailed away. By 9 o'clock we sat in a row along the top of the deckhouse, sipping wine and eating hunks of bread and a nameless cheese from the market in Bastia, looking out over unruffled water.

It was afternoon when the engine brought us back to Corsica. Passing the deep and almost landlocked bay of Porto-Vecchio, *Olivina* swung south to skirt Pointe de la Chiappa and cut inside the Cerbicale Islands. Behind long, sweeping beaches we could count five distinct ranges of mountains lifting tier on tier to the central spine, white sand perimeter and green heartland, wholly unexploited, happy reminder that there is always somewhere else to go when old haunts get too crowded. Every point was topped by the conical stone lookout towers that have become to me the hallmarks of the northern Mediterranean littoral, relics of the last wave of invaders, the roving corsairs of the Barbary Coast.

Soon we neared the Strait of Bonifacio, the narrow gateway between French Corsica and Italian Sardinia. In the days of sail, this was the scene of some dramatic—and many tragic—incidents, famed as a graveyard of ships and crews. Nearing, we could see why. Huge boulders lay singly and in clusters, some barely breaking the surface, a patternless rock pile scattered by the mischievous children of some superrace. It would be a passage of terror in the darkness of a winter gale, and I remembered with a shiver the poor souls aboard the French frigate *La Simillante*. They had sailed from Toulon on February 14, 1855, to be caught by a mistral the following day. That night the ship struck Ile Lavezzi, a rock like the back of a surfaced whale on the north side of the strait, and 773 perished in the boiling caldron.

But now it was calm, and from the bow I stared curiously ahead. Every important trade lane had its iron door and lock in the old days, not only to control passage for political reasons but to exact tribute from hapless merchants. I felt that a strait which had been important since the dawn of civilization must

continued

have a rather special guardian, nor was I disappointed.

Nature and the labors of men long dead have combined to make the fortress town of Bonifacio one of the most impressive ruins in the world. Built atop a sheer rock promontory rising perhaps 300 feet above the surf creaming at the base, the town walls are almost a continuation of the cliff itself, altered only by narrow windows and arrow slits. Unbroken, the battlements run inland to the end of the peninsula, curving toward the harbor in a wall that hardly dips as the elevation lowers.

The present town was begun about 300 A.D., although Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans had previously established garrisons. In 833 a Pisan count undertook to improve the fortifications as a barrier against Saracen invaders. Between 1091 and 1283 it was fought over by Pisa and Genoa, finally to become a colony of the Genoese. In 1397 it underwent the first of a series of major assaults, this one by Spaniards. During 1528 it was ravaged by the plague, the population reduced from 5,000 to 700; recovering, it was subjected to a French-Corsican siege by land, while being assailed from the sea by a Turkish fleet. Women fought on the walls along with the men, until an honorable surrender was finally arranged, but the Turks broke their word and massacred the garrison. And so it went, century after century: war, famine, pestilence, death, assaulting the battlements, while below ordinary men and women tried to live their lives. There were a few relieving periods of grace among the turbulence. In 1215 St. Francis of Assisi arrived to take refuge in a grotto, and in 1625 the town with great pomp and ceremony received the bones of its patron and namesake, the martyred St. Boniface, which still repose in the central church.

As *Olimu* crept under the walls, a narrow entrance opened, once commanded by batteries on either side of the channel. Really fine natural harbors are rare on the Mediterranean; this is one of the best, winding like a narrow fjord deep into the land, beyond the reach of any sea tempest. And at the end we found a village much like what Portofino must have been years ago. Fishing families lived above din shops along the single cobbled street forming the quay. Portly matrons leaned on windowsills to gossip with neighbors. Men in blue jackets mended nets or unloaded baskets of fish and crustacea—both clawed and clawless lobsters, unusual to take from the same water, together with giant spider crabs. Except for the tobacco shop, which also sold postcards, the stores were still oriented to local needs: inexpensive wine sold by the pitcher instead of the bottle, twine, hooks and sinkers; plain work clothes backed by musty shelves of thick sweaters and underwear, testimony to bitter winters.

The next day a mistral was blowing, but it made little difference in the snug toe of our sock, especially as we had planned to explore the old town on the heights. Arriving by a cobbled road so steep that even the donkeys tacked

uphill, we found something of a ghost city, just being rediscovered and perhaps repopulated, as the Volkswagens had infiltrated by a less precipitous route. Before Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery, 8,000 people lived in Bonifacio; now there are fewer than 2,000. Streets of ancient houses still stand, empty and gutted, although the thick stone walls could shelter men for more centuries to come. Yet unfortunately, through poverty and neglect—perhaps compounded by notions of sanitation which have changed little since the Middle Ages—Bonifacio lacks charm away from the waterfront.

But as we left, the battlements crowning the cliffs were as impressive as before. The mistral had tapered off during the night. Astern the mountains of Corsica lifted through successive stages of green to purple distances, while over the bow Sardinia seemed almost a mirror copy. Long seas swept in from the open reaches to the northwest, breaking on meeting currents in the strait, until the whole surface was a pattern of deep blue and creaming white. For once sailing the Mediterranean was just right: not too much wind, not too little, and from the desired direction. Happily we tasted salt spray as *Olimu* drove through under full sail.

Small islands cluster off the north coast of Sardinia, an archipelago of winding passages and sheltered coves, not unlike the skerries of Sweden. We anchored for lunch and a swim, then proceeded into the harbor of Maddalena. It had begun to blow again, and we were content to moor in a row along the quay and visit other yachts we found there. Increditable in the memory of Mediterranean cruising are the sandals on the stern of every boat, lined up like shoes outside a mosque. The well-dressed yachtsman is almost invariably barefoot abroad, the richer the owner and the more opulent the vessel, the more informally clad he is likely to be. The true Mediterranean look is built around fishermen's blouses, faded slacks, work shirts and bikinis, although caviar and Blanc de Blancs may be served on deck.

Our next run was to be the longest of the cruise, 160 miles to Ponza, first of the steppingstones leading into the Gulf of Naples. Passing Cape Ferro, we had a glimpse of the archipelago beyond Capri, small islands and peninsulas looking like small islands, scalloped by bays and beaches, a garden spot to explore some other day. The sun set dark red, not bright to the eyes but like the stylized sun in a Japanese painting.

After midnight a light no brighter than a star appeared on the horizon ahead, separated from its fellows by twinkling in a timed pattern. Gradually it lifted to be abeam as the night paled softly into presunrise colors. Ponza in silhouette resembled a crouching antediluvian monster, the lighthouse a weird blinking eye atop a horn, a long, low neck rising to an arched spiny back, the rest of the island curving away into a tail raised at the tip. As we slowly rounded the point, stars faded and the land took on color and detail in the recurrent miracle of dawn, a moment when everything looks and feels different, the greatest loss of ar-

ban man, sequestered from nature by towering buildings and an artificial rhythm of existence.

The port of Ponza opens at the head of a tapering bay, behind a small inner lighthouse and a church faintly Moorish in outline. Detached villas dot the outer approaches, some perched like ospreys' nests atop cliffs that drop sheer to the sea. Rounding a breakwater, the town came suddenly into view, square houses of stone, painted in pale shades of yellow and pink, accented by green shutters and tiny wrought-iron balconies. Below, in a long horseshoe around the quay, warehouses and small shops are almost like caves dug from rock, as their roofs form the central street. Yachts moor along one side of the harbor, fishing boats on the other. Tables under striped umbrellas look down on both, and pedestrians may amble in indolent ease, because automobiles are not allowed to invade the waterfront. As a backdrop, terraced vineyards run up the mountainsides, green against the granite peaks. Coupled with clear water and a good beach not too far from the center of the town, blessed by a total lack of commercialism, Ponza, I felt, was my discovery of the summer.

Quite the reverse was Ischia. After the small, quiet harbors lying in *Oliano's* wake, it was a rude return to civilization. Always before I had thought of it as midway on the discovery scale between Capri and Ponza, but the first impression was like the Riviera of Nice or Cannes: noise, cars, neon and people. Yet, in fairness, there is a cult of visitors devoted to Ischia, and deservedly so. It is a big island, with plenty of room to be most things to most travelers. Perhaps it is the greenest of the southern Italian islands; there are wonderful strands of pines cheek by jowl with the flowers of the tropics, and beautiful views of the sea from the heights.

But the best views include Capri, and how can any island within sight fail to suffer by comparison? Only once since my original visit to Capri years ago had I wavered from my conviction that it is the most beautiful single place in the world. Then I had sailed aboard *Stapwood* into Papetoan Bay of faraway Moorea, one of the enchanted suburbs of Tahiti, and felt that the magic quality of Capri had been surpassed. Now, seeing it again in the soft light of late afternoon, my first love returned. Capri is the most favored creation of nature on this planet.

Yet, alas! in almost equal proportion to its loveliness Capri has been desecrated by man—not the ancients, although it has been lived in since the dawn of history, but by the modern tripper and heedlessly rapacious shopkeeper. There is a change from year to year, accelerated rather than diminished: garish pottery, neon signs, shoddy souvenirs spilling into the cobbled streets, plodding sightseers, music boxes blaring *Idle of Capri*, no space to sit at the tables in the piazza, once like a dolls' stage set; noise and bustle and hurry, daily excursion steamers, during August flooding in 50 times the population of the island each morning, to drain it away each night, leaving behind enough to fill the hotels and nightclubs.

So what do you do when the discovered places get too crowded in midsummer? You get back aboard a cruising vessel or take an island steamer and sail away, perhaps to Corsica, or to Elbo, or to Ponza—especially Ponza. Or perhaps you up anchor and begin a new cruise, around the corner of the Sorrento Peninsula to Positano, and start again from there.

END

Mediterranean Cruising Travel Facts



Yachting season off Italian coast runs from April to October; peak months are July and August when demand raises charter prices 10 to 15%. Normal rates range from \$10 per day for a 15-foot sailboat with auxiliary outboard to \$300 per day for luxurious cabin cruisers sleeping eight or 10 with crew of four. Fee includes wages but not crew's food. RECOMMENDED BROKERS: In Rome, Pepito Moncada, Via Eleonora Duse 5/G, features auxiliary sailboats with berths for four to 10, also

has small fleet of motor sailers, which are slow for long voyages but popular for fishing or for short trips to nearby Sardinia. In Genoa, Alberto Delepane, Via Giacinto Odino 2/9, offers cruising boats with six to eight berths for \$200 per day. In Palermo, Pietro Cuccia, Via Stabile 124, has some of best charters in Mediterranean, but is all booked up for the current season. When boats are available he requires minimum charter of one month on larger craft, 15 days for others.

Oliano's voyage, typical of leisurely Mediterranean cruises, took two weeks to cover eight islands between Portofino and Capri.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by FRANK DEFORD

THE ALL-STAR GAME

Unaccustomed as they are to seeing stars on two teams at the same time, the Washington spectators who crowded into the District of Columbia's beautiful new stadium were bound to enjoy the 32nd All-Star Game no matter what happened. And what did happen was pleasantly sentimental, as a home-town boy came back to make the Nationals good, 3-1. The returning native was Maury Wills. He scampered around the bases to score twice, the first time after he had been sent in to run for Pinch Hitter Stan Musial, who had singled

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The current idol of American mothers fighting to get their kids to bed is Roberto Clement of Pittsburgh. "I'm sleeping now," he said. "I feel better, feel stronger." He got 14 hours of strength the night before the All-Star Game and then went 3 for 3. With a little less sleep the rest of the week, his average dipped to a peaceful .474 as he and Bob Skinner (.500) led the Pirates to four straight wins, making it 18 of the last 23. There was rest for Orlando Cepeda of San Francisco, too, but a different kind, as he was benched for poor hitting for the first time. Manager Al Dick deftly explained why the Giants weren't in first. "You just gotta never let clubs like the Mets, Phils, Cubs and Colts beat you." His team came east and lost two of three to the Phillies. The wrong guys were listening to Dick—Los Angeles swept three from the Mets and moved 2½ games in front. Houston lost like Texans, long and tall: eight hours to drop a doubleheader, which helped make seven straight losses. After talking both of the defeats in the marathon, the Colts' lone All-Star, Dick Farrill, was down on himself as a cut-rate million-dollar baby. "Who wants to go to Washington," he moaned, "with a 5-and-10 record?" Even with Warren Spahn's first road victory of the season and with Hank Aaron's home-run hitting—one as a pinch hitter, one a grand slam—Milwaukee (see page 40) still lost three of five. Chicago got two straight complete games for only the second time this year; the best was a one-hitter by 21-year-old Cal Koonce, who was a flop in Class B last year. Cincinnati won three of five, using nine pitchers in one game and the bats of Gordy Coleman (4 HRs, 10 RBIs) and Frank Robinson (474, 9 RBIs). Meanwhile, back in the record

books, Stan Musial was at it again. He hit four home runs in a row, breaking the existing record for 41-year-olds and tying one held by several younger people. Hoyt Gibson hurled two three-hitters to help St. Louis back into fourth place. Philadelphia got 480 power-hitting from Roy Sievers and two wins in relief from Jack Baldschun. Good ears, too, they've got. More useful anyway, Manager Gene Mauch said, than Umpire Ed Sudol's eyes. Sudol used his eyes in deciding that Don Demeter's long fly in Pittsburgh was caught and not trapped against the scoreboard. Mauch said he heard it hit, that balls hitting scoreboards have their own distinctive ring. So do phones being ripped off clubhouse walls—which is what Mauch did later after the game was lost. New York dropped four more in a row and, with no relief in sight, the Mets somehow persuaded Ralph Branca to come back to the Polo Grounds to "relieve" (obviously this is not Branca's choice of word) the 1951 playoff episode with Bobby Thomson. And after 13 years Branca finally found somebody to follow his act—the Mets, of course. They lost 17-3 to the Dodgers.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Though Vice-President Johnson asked that the Supreme Court please not ban any prayers for Washington, somebody else already had the supernatural tied up, anyway. For what Lou Clinton of Boston kept doing was certainly not human and definitely not Red Sox. He was .458 for the week and .526



EXTRA-INNING STARS Los Clinton of Red Sox and Chico Cardenas of Reds helped win long games, but well in regulation play, too.

(30 for 57) with nine home runs and 26 RBIs in 14 games since coming off the bench. With Clinton pushing in, baseball heaven (located most years in The Bronx) was crowded. The most aptly named possible tenant, Los Angeles, came right back toward the top after losing three in a row. So many players were coming across for General Manager Fred Haney, it was no surprise that he could even get some mileage out of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. How would he feel if the Angels finally started to fade? Haney was asked. "'Tis better," Haney smiled, going to the bench for a poet, "to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Baltimore Outfielder Russ Snyder felt less lyrical. After Umpire John Flaherty ruled that a long fly ball caught by Snyder had hit the Tiger Stadium wall first, Snyder spat Gene Mauch's ear gambit and said of the ump, "He's as blind as a bat." The Orioles' appeal went for naught, the game to the Tigers. The disappointing Orioles needed a record-matching four doubles by Charlie Lau to finally win a game. Milwaukee got four of another kind from Harmon Killebrew, a homer for each of four games, as he finally started hitting in his own park again. Detroit got progressively better after the All-Star break. The Tigers got two hits in their first game, three in the second, four in the third and lost each time. Cleveland, slowed by injuries, needed a five-run ninth to gain its only win of the week. Jim Perry took two of the Tribe's four defeats and was shuttled off to the bullpen. Chicago didn't need a bullpen—five complete games, five wins, no losses. Old Paw Paw, Charley Maxwell, just obtained from the Tigers, went on a .643 tear that was about all the hitting the good Sox pitching needed. Kansas City took 18 hours and 11 minutes to play five games and blow three of them. The A's used 20 pitchers, more than one an hour, and the league's worst ERA (5.18) was showing again. With Tom Tresh (.400) leading the way, New York split four and held on to first without a home run from Maris or Mantle. Just the usual quiet, matter-of-fact assurance as expressed last week by Whitey Ford: "We always figure we'll win the pennant."

END

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted in*	Total Runs Produced
Sinners, KC (315)	52	54	117
Robbies, Cle (209)	48	62	111
Wagers, LA (207)	54	61	105
Cunninghams, Chi (313)	55	49	95
Yastrzemski, Bos (217)	51	41	94
Robbie, Maa (209)	48	47	83
Loyals, KC (293)	58	42	81
Pearlman, LA (377)	64	27	91

NATIONAL LEAGUE

T. Davis, LA (234)	67	26	143
Mayo, SF (301)	72	36	129
Robbins, Cin (308)	64	58	122
H. Aaron, Maa (229)	67	54	121
Cepeda, SF (310)	62	50	115
Wilkins, Cin (224)	66	43	109
Walt, LA (381)	70	28	107
Reyer, SF (298)	57	49	106

*Deduced by subtracting RBIs from RBIs

Statistics through Saturday, July 14

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SOUTHERN-FRIED BROOK

Sirs:

Mel Allen's mother hit the southern-fried nail right on its babbling head (Baseball's *Babbling Brook*, July 9). I, too, wish he was a shoemaker.

PAUL T. DAVENPORT

Summit, N.J.

Sirs:

Mel Allen, the man who revolutionized sports announcing, did not acquire that reputable status "accidentally," as you claimed. The field of announcing is tougher to crack than Mantle's center-field post. Nevertheless, congratulations on a fine article.

E. CURRY FORST III

Haresburg, Pa.

Sirs:

The Mel Allen story is a classic. As pastor of the First Christian Church and sports director of KGLC radio for the past 17 years, I have used Mel as a model. Many a carefully turned phrase of Announcer Allen's has been "re-turned" out here in Oklahoma by this preacher-broadcaster. I thank him for the fresh approach he makes to countless situations on the playing field.

RUSSELL MARTIN

Miami, Okla.

Sirs:

Those who complain about Mel Allen's "not fully hidden enthusiasm when the Yankees are winning," should listen to a few of the other regular broadcasters. In comparison, Mel almost appears to be a Yankee hater.

FRANK BURROWS

Martinsville, Va.

AS THE POET SAID

Sirs:

Re Robert Creamer's *New Look at the Sandbox* (July 21), the parties responsible for such playground equipment should be commended. A playground with this type of apparatus is a first-rate physical course, embodying the necessity of muscular strength, coordination and endurance. And what better way to attack the fitness problem than in the pleasant surroundings and atmosphere on a playground?

ROBERT PENKERTON

Watertown, N.Y.

Sirs:

When I was a kid we used to climb on a thing that sounds a lot like some of the equipment discussed in Creamer's article.

It was ideal for "the child who wants to climb back up" (as Mr. Creamer phrased it). Like the equipment he describes, it, too, provided exercise and fun for the novice and still gave the bolder, more experienced child an opportunity to climb quickly to the top. It enabled us, too, to learn a lot of things and use a lot of different muscles. For exercise and playground fun it couldn't be beaten.

We called it a tree.

JAMES W. COCHRAN

Cincinnati

EARLY GIRLS BAIT

Sirs:

Since your SCORECARD column (July 16) carried a rather moving article on the passing of the Packard automobile, I thought your readers might like to see a picture of the very first Packard (below). It's not much



like the sleek 1934 phantom you described as "girl bait." It was made in Warren, Ohio in 1899 by the automotive genius and philanthropist, James Ward Packard, who graduated from Lehigh University in 1884 with a degree in mechanical engineering. At the age of 35 he produced this automobile, the first to bear his name.

The greatest single benefactor of Lehigh since the university's founder, Packard's gifts (totaling almost \$5,200,000) to the school included, in 1927, the James Ward Packard Engineering Laboratory, where the first Packard automobile is housed in a glass case in the laboratory's lobby. The car is still in good running condition and is taken from the case on special occasions.

SAMUEL J. CONNOR

Bethlehem, Pa.

SEDEVILED ANGELS

Sirs:

What right does William Leggett have to say that the Angels will not stay in the penitentiary race long (*Halo, Hoops and Hellcats*)

Tom, July 9)? They not only have the best slugger and the best second baseman in the league but also the deepest pitching staff.

STUART BURGEL

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I agree 100% with your prediction of how the Los Angeles Angels are going to collapse. How can they possibly last now that the New York Yankees are starting to win again and Mantle is back?

GARY LUBEL

Miami

TWO IF BY BO

Sirs:

Bo Belinsky was wrong when he said that the only bright light in Boston was the lantern in Paul Revere's Old North Church. We also have Earl Wilson. He, too, pitched a no-hitter and it was against Belinsky and his Angels.

PETER BROWN

Cambridge, Mass.

THE BEAT OF THEIR FEET

Sirs:

It would be very fine if you would publish athletic results in metrical system as well as your own—as this is done in the whole world and at the Olympic Games. Your American system is an anachronism even in your country. American science and Army began already to use the metrical system. I think you must lead your readers to be "up to date." The time (hours, minutes, seconds) is general, but the distances (miles, feet, yards, inches, etc.) are only American. I hope in some 10 to 20 years your "feet," etc., will be buried for ever.

BOBIS SCHONEVITCHE
Former Sports Inspector
Soviet Navy

New York City

BOURBON ON LIME ROCKS

Sirs:

I read with interest in SCORECARD (July 2) that Scotch drinkers have finally discovered what true bourbon drinkers have always known: Bourbon isn't bourbon without real "branch water." Here at Hound Hollow our secret is freezing the ice for mint juleps with our limestone spring water. People from all over have been using our spring for years, and I'll be glad to send some to any SPORTS ILLUSTRATED bourbon drinkers who will pay the postage.

COLONEL BILLY CHATFIELD
Grant, Ky.

continued

A significant dialogue on the state of the U.S. economy

"Dear
Mr. President:"

"Dear David:"

AT A RECENT State Dinner at the White House, President John F. Kennedy and Banker David Rockefeller fell into conversation on the state of the U.S. economy. The President asked Mr. Rockefeller to put forth his views in a personal letter.

A few days ago the President told LIFE that this exemplified the kind of serious "dialogue" he wants to have with businessmen. LIFE has obtained the consent of the President and Mr. Rockefeller to publish the letter and the President's reply.

Together, these letters clarify many recent actions of the administration and the reactions of the business community. They provide thoughtful guidance on such perplexing questions as:

- What is causing the alarming drain on U.S. gold?*
- Is there any chance that we will devalue the dollar?*
- Does foreign aid threaten our own economic stability?*
- Can taxes be reduced while government expenditures increase?*
- Should we curb overseas investment? Tourist spending? Imports?*

Is a thorough overhaul of the nation's tax system in planning stage? When does it go into operation?

Should "foreign aid" nations be forced to buy American whatever the cost?

Are our allies likely to increase their share of joint defense costs?

Will we show another deficit in foreign payments this year?

Can we cut down military expenditures abroad?

Do we need a reduction in corporate income tax?

No one could exactly agree with both David Rockefeller and the President on what ails the economy, nor on the cure. But everyone who reads these letters will be better able to enter the dialogue knowledgeably and seriously. This is what the President wants every citizen to do.

The letters appeared in LIFE's issue of July 6th. If a copy is not handy, write for reprints to LIFE, Box 675, Radio City Station, New York 19.

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19TH HOLE *continued*

NONATHLETES

Sirs:

I would like to protest your policy of devoting better than half of the magazine's available space to the nonathletic sports of golf, fishing, bowling, chess, bridge, baseball, cooking, sailing, eating and sight-seeing. The participants in these activities are not athletes, they are leisure lovers. These pastimes seldom demand and almost never receive the qualities that athletes are designed to develop—strength, speed, coordination, endurance, stamina and moral fiber. The lack of physical demand in the aforementioned sports is evidenced by the fact that followers of these diversions possess lungs blackened with nicotine, cardiovascular systems that want for natural stimulation, bellies that comprise three-quarters of their weight and distort their postures, and the sleeping habits of Count Dracula.

The public has been duped into false worship of these pseudosports and has lacked exposure to the classic athletic endeavors. Whether this push for recreation is an attempt to aid the economy through the sale of Hula-Hoops, golf clubs and charcoal, or just a desire to fill blank space, I don't know. I do know that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, through its partiality toward nonathletic sport, is helping lead American youth down a road of physical debauchery.

DANIEL RONALD HOFFMAN

Skokie, Ill.

ONE MORE YANK

Sirs:

I enjoyed the article *A Yank in Japan* (June 25) very much, but I have one thing to add to it—one more American. My husband Fred joined the Hankyu Braves as a pitcher in May. His comments are much the same as those in your article: he loves it there. To make things even better, he won his first game by pitching a three-hitter.

Our two children and I are planning to leave for Japan during July, and we are looking forward to our coming adventure with much excitement. We will be renting a home in a town called Takazazuka, about 15 miles from Osaka. My husband has been quite fascinated by the dancers at the Grand Theatre there.

Compared to some of the experience records quoted in your article Fred is a youngster. He's 22 and playing at his sixth season of pro ball. He was with Hawaii for the first 10 days of this season but obtained his release because of a sore arm which has since improved 100%. He was with Tri-Cities (Northwest League) for two seasons and in 1940 was a 20-game winner there. We hope he will have the same good luck in Japan. If it would stop raining he might progress a little faster than his present 1-0 record.

Mrs. FRED RICK

San Pablo, Calif.



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